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Christmas Number

December, 1934

Vol. I **25c Copy** **No. 8**

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By

KATE MAYHEW SPEAKE PENNEY
Of Birmingham, Ala.

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The First Word

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE

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A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the readers of the Southern Magazine and to each, many returns of the season.

* * * *

The Southern Magazine will make for each one an ideal Christmas Present. We are offering five subscriptions for $5.00 until February 1st, 1935 after which time, the regular price prevails, $1.50 per year. Quite a number of clubs have come in especially from Virginia.

* * * *

We would call attention to the fact that all mail to this office should come addressed to The Southern Magazine and all checks made payable to this department. Until further notice, all Division news should be sent directly to The Southern Magazine. Care Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Wytheville, Va.

* * * *

Announcing for the New Year two new departments. The first is Highlight in history which will be edited by Mrs. John Huske Anderson and second, a poetry page edited by Mrs. A. L. Ridings, Sherman, Texas.

* * * *

The January issue will be devoted to four great men of the month, General Robert E. Lee, Mathew Fountain Maury, Edgar Allen Poe and General "Stonewall" Jackson.

* * * *

Our slogan for The New Year, "Every subscriber get a subscriber".

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CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH, "LONG, LONG AGO"

Christmas

The Mistletoe Hangs in Many a Hall The Holly Wreaths Shine From Gay Decked Walls

THERE is an old tradition long current in England, that the mistletoe was once a fair tree in the forest and that from its wood was made the cross upon which Christ was crucified. In consequence of its having been put to such a use, the mistletoe was cursed and from that time has been a small and insignificant shrub dependent upon other plants for livelihood. The Druids held it in high esteem, and it was cut by them with golden knives as a part of their yearly sacrificial celebration in early winter, when the pearly berries began to show. In Scandinavia a legend exists that the arrow which slew Baldur was made of mistletoe. At that time it was not a tree, but a plant so small that Baldur's mother thought it unnecessary to take an oath from it when she made all things swear never to harm Baldur. The use of mistletoe as well as holly for decoration at Christmas together with the Yule log and wassail bowl are relics of pagan festivals commemorating the shortest day in the year. Among the Romans this season was one of feasting, dancing and decorating trees in honor of the birth of the sun or Sol. The custom of making gifts at Christmas time is associated in the popular mind with the gifts presented to Christ by the Wise Men of the East, but in reality it is derived from an ancient pagan custom decending through Germany and England. The prejudice against Christmas observance as being tinctured with heathen traditions were so strong among the Scotch Presbyterians that many a child never knew the joy of Christmas Day. Even yet it is not a popular holiday in Scotland. In New England at an early day, it was considered inappropriate to celebrate Christ's birthday with the gaiety, gift giving, feasting of the present time But the ideas of all mankind have been changed in the past years and with the Christmas season we become messengers of joy of peace and goodwill through the beautiful spirit of the Christ child which fills our hearts to overflowing. Our desire is that of service. We are glad and proud to sacrifice our own pleasure that others may have the greater joy. Our fear is that one home may be forgotten or that one child will not be remembered. The walls of coldness and pride and selfishness have crumbled away before the force of that mighty spirit of Love and Light and Faith which has entered, bringing with it the peace which passes all understanding. Our hearts go out to those who are unfortunate, and poor in a great rush of sympathy and the ties of home are but dearer and more precious to us, friends are closer and kindred more prized. The messages of goodwill through the beautiful Christmas season possess our hearts and homes and radiate a glow of brightness and cheer to all around us with a gracious spirit of christian hospitality.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Baron Von Steuben

WHAT strange impulse prompted Baron Von Steuben to link his fate irrevocably with that of the American Colonies in their struggle for independance will forever remain a mistery in the minds of his adopted people. Possibly his kindly feeling for all human nature in distress, a soul possessed with generosity, impelled his renunciation of a life of prominence, high in honor and rank, of comparative ease, forcing him to accept the stern duties awaiting him among the destitute and suffering army across the sea. What ever induced the sacrifice, the American Nation today must recognize in this master of Military Science, the Savior of our Country.

Little is known of the early life of Fredrick William Augustus, Baron Steuben. Surbia, is credited with being his birth place and the year 1730 is generally accepted as the correct date.

The art of war in which he excelled, had been learned by him under the renowned Fredrick in whose army he served with distinction. By degrees he was advanced in honors to the position of Aid-de-Camp to the King of Prussia but resigned this high office after the peace of 1763. He was presented with the Canonay of the Cathedral of Havelburg and a salary of twelve hundred florins. Later, returning from Berlin to his estate at Wilheim between Baden and Wirtemburg, he was made Grand Marshall of the Court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechinger with an additional salary of twelve hundred florins. Again honored, he became a Knight of the Order of Fi deliety and appointed Colonel of Surbia. In 1767 the Prince Margrave of Baden bestowed upon him the title of General, with command over all of his troops with an increase in his salary of over two thousand more florins.

Other nations than his own had extended to him flattering offers to attempt to induce him into their service. He has been sought by the King of Sardina and also by the Emperor of Austria. His Military Code was accepted as most perfect in all Europe. At the age of forty-seven, still a bachelor he had attained a most unusual military prominence, the highest esteem of the crowned heads of Europe. Sufficient income to live in luxury, the Baron was indeed settled to maintain the establishment of a Prince, and yet, he resigned all to become a soldier of fortune in a land of strangers far away.

It was a simple incident which brought about the entire change in his life and sent him thousands of miles on a journey from which he never returned. Some English noblemen, friends of the Baron, who had made him a recent visit, prevailed upon him to come to England. In 1777, having decided to accept their urgent invitation, he started on his way going by Paris where he expected to remain a few days to rest. Here Count St Germain, the wary French Minister, anxious to deprive England of her colonies and knowing the weakness of our army lay in its ignorance of military tactics and lack of discipline, also their tremendous need of experienced officers, began to hold out to Baron Steuben, flattering promises of high official life and romantic adventure in the new world. Baron Steuben demurred. He spoke of his age, his present position, his ignorance of the American language, the risk he ran on throwing aside a certainty for an uncertainty yet he gave the matter serious thought and decided to call upon Dr. Benjamine Franklin and Silas Deane, American envoys who were then in Paris soliciting sympathy and assistance for the Colonial Army Dr. Franklin was extremely anxious to secure his services but could make no offer financially or officially.

This determined the Baron and he left for his home in Germany. When he reached Rastadt, he found a letter from St. Germain informing him that a vessel was about to sail for America and to return and take passage, that satisfactory terms could be arranged. Baron Steuben immediately resigned all offices which he held, returned to Paris—received from the French Court the necessary letters of introduction and relying upon their promises for sufficient remuneration, he embarked with his suite from Marsailles on the 26th day of September and arrived in Portsmouth N. H. December, 1777.

Upon his arrival in America, Baron Steuben went as fast as possible to appear before Congress. which body received him with every mark of distinction and a committee was appointed to confer with him. His proposition, simply stated, pleased them and his terms were accepted. Of his own accord, he was to enter our army as a volunteer and if his services were not satisfactory or if the colonies did not obtain their independance, he was to receive nothing. If however, he was retained in the service and the country gained its freedom, he

expected to receive for his efforts a refund of the money he was forced to loose by resigning his position in Europe, and a fair compensation be given him. These were certainly generous terms and immediately accepted by Congress.

At once the Baron departed for Washington's head-quarters at Valley Forge. Little did he know or suspect the dreadful condition which he would so soon encounter or the desperate situation which he must face. He found the cities in the hands of the British or Hessian troops and when he looked for forces with which to re-take them he found a few thousand, half starved, half naked, beggarly men, cooped in log huts on beds of straw dragging out a miserable existance during the frigid winter.

Arriving at Valley Forge, the sight was indescriable. As he passed from door to door of the wretched, squalid hovels, foul with disease, he beheld men wrapped in ragged blankets, destitute of clothing, sick and starving, muttering vile accusations against Congress which was treating them in a manner so unjust and inhuman.

Baron Steuben was shocked beyond measure, declaring that no army could be kept together under such sufferings. All discipline was gone from this ragged horde whose waining energies were exerted in a last effort for existance.

Washington had done what he could with the reminent of Cavalry, the slender artillery and had shared the suffering and deprivations equally with his men, many of whom he had sent to their homes until spring. Guns and accountrements were largely unfit for use and all supplies absolutely exhausted. Never in all history could a more pitiful situation be depicted than that in which Baron Steuben now found himself. All the sympathy of his big hearted, generous nature was aroused and he set to work at once to relieve the conditions, drawing largely on his own resources to do so.

His greatest handicap was the ignorance of the American language coupled with an irascible disposition and fiery temper which he did not always attempt to control, but it was not long before every soldier realized that his soul was filled with love for all mankind and that his every effort was for their good.

As soon as conditions improved, Baron Steuben began his work of drilling the men, who gathered from every quarter as they were, scarcely knew the simplest manuel exercise. Their awkwardness irritated him beyond measure and he would swear over the mistakes made until he had exhausted his vocabularly and then invite the men "to take a turn at it" for him.

It was not long however, until his efforts began to bear fruit, for every soldier soon learned to love devotedly the manly officer who could be seen at any hour of the night, stooping through the door of some hut to administer to the wants and needs of the suffering and to cheer the sick or pray with the dying.

Routine and discipline were the very exhistence of Baron Steuben's life. Each day's program was carefully planned He would rise each morning at three o'clock, dress with care, smoke, drink a cup of coffee and by sun-up he would be in the saddle. If the day was suitable, he had his men out marching to field for morning drill. First, he would place the men in line, then passing along in front, carefully examine their guns and other equipment, seeing to it subordinate officers were doing their duty. The fruits of his labor were soon evinced in the changed conduct of the men and the improved conditions of living.

So impressed was Washington, that he wrote Congress of the value of services rendered by him and requesting a permanent appointment for him This was granted and Baron Steuben was appointed Inspector-general with the rank of Major-general.

The entire army now received the attention it needed. Sub-inspectors were appointed, discipline, before irregular, was now introduced into every department and arrangements in the minutest detail was planned and perfected by Steuben himself and the vast machinery of a large and now confident army began to move in harmony under the assiduous labors of this indefatigable leader. One company he drilled to the highest proficiency and this he used as a model by which he instructed other companies.

The recognized weakness of the American army from the start had been their absolute inability to meet the foe in open field. As long as they were protected by trees and ravines, they could carry on a warfare similar to that of the Indians. but in open field they were but enemies target and immediately thrown into wildest confusion when subjected to such onslaught.

The result of Baron Steuben's efforts were realized in the next campaign at the battle of Monmouth. Washington, able to rally his men while in full retreat and bring them into action under the very guns of the enemy where they wheeled like veteran troops and moved steadily on the foe. So surprised was Alexander Hamilton on seeing the maneuver of the malitia on the battle field that he afterwards remarked, "He never before had any conception of the value of military discipline." It was this discipline which enabled the taking of

Stony Point and Paulus Hook by point of the bayonet without firing a single shot, which pleased Baron Steuben to the point where he exclaimed—"At last we begin to walk!"

Many times, Steuben was placed in a most embarrasing position because he did not have complete command of the line and he petitioned that his rank be made that of Major-General. This request raised such a storm of protest from the American officers that Washington did not dare to gratify him. The Baron seeing his General's position, withdrew his request and never again renewed it. Realizing that these same officers did not have rules and regulations of army tactics, he set to work in the fall of 1778 to write a manuel containing the methods of discipline and inspection at the request of both Washington and the War Board. In this work, he had nothing to draw upon except his memory of the Prussian system. Not knowing our language, he was forced to write the manuel in French which he had translated. The greatest annoyance and difficulty came in effort of getting the Manuel into print. Much of the rigidity of the European system to which the Baron was acustomed was omitted as being useless in America. The work was at last completed and adopted by Congress, approved by Washington and became the standard for discipline in the Continental Army, later it was adopted by various states as their manuel and much of it is extant today in Military Schools of the United States.

In August of 1779, the Baron was sent to Providence to assist General Gates to introduce into his army the same rules which were now being adopted by all American forces, from there he went to Boston to conduct the French Minister Chevalier de la-Luzerne, to headquarters. In February of 1780, he repaired to Philadelphia to give his services to the Board of War and with them to plan the campaign for the coming year. His accuracy, his intimate knowledge of the working of the army, their power and state of discipline was invaluable to this body. His next work was at West Point where he planned the defence against a possible attack of the British and assisted in training the troops for future engagements. He was often visited by the officers, especially the French, and all were equally surprised at the perfection of his training and the marvels wrought in so short a time. One French General was struck by the silence in which the troops performed all their volutions and remarked that he heard no noise. "Noise"! exclaimed the Baron, "I do not know where the noise could come from when not even my brigadiers dare open his mouth except to repeat my commands!" At another time a visiting General mentioned some difficult evolutions performed by the Prussian Army in Silesia and then stated, "He did not expect of course to see such difficult military tactics carried out in America". Steuben replied that the officer would not be troubled to go to Silesia to witness them but would ask him to go to Verplanck's Point instead and see them there. Later, to the amazement of the French officer—they saw the ragged American soldiers execute the intricate evolutions with all the regularity and precision of trained Prussian troops. So proud was the Baron of the rapidity with which the men learned his military tactics that he was forever displaying them and their manuvers. He offered prizes to those who would most quickly learn certain rules and regulations from the manuel. The soldiers began taking a pride in mastering the art of war and were happy in so doing.

Baron Steuben was selected as one of the officers to try Andre' and being himself the soul of honor, he did not hesitate to pass sentence of death on this unfortunate officer.

After the rout of Gates at Camden and his subsequent withdrawal in favor of Green, Baron Steuben was sent south and while Green marched into North Carolina, he remained in Virginia to recruit and forward as fast as possible troops to the sister state which was now in grave danger from the British and where Cornwallis was holding sway.

The time spent in Virginia was an arduous one for Steuben. It was a most harassing task to raise recruits. The people were filled with complaints and clamored against sending their army to protect North Carolina and Steuben, who was not remarkable for any virtues of forbearace or patience, often expressed himself rather bluntly as to what he thought of the behavior of the State in this most critical time and his remarks were made to the officials regardless of position. Jefferson admired the grand old man too much to even feel, much less express resentment at these statements and rendered every assistance in his power.

While placed in this difficult position with a weak force his only dependence for state defence, Arnold, his hated foe entered on his unmolested march, burning and destroying. Steuben chafed in vain, working with his limited forces as successfully as possible, but each time Arnold eluded him even when with a French fleet he had him, as he supposed, bottled in harbor of Portsmouth. So offensive was the name of Arnold to the Baron that it is told by one historian that upon hearing the roll of his men called one day he heard the name "Arnold". He commanded the sargeant to stop at

that name and asked the soldier to step forward. A fine young chap came to the front and saluted. Baron Steuben looked him over and said,—"You are too fine a man and too fine a soldier to bear so infamous a name. Change it!" The soldier again saluted and added," I will sire, but to what must I change it? I have no other." "Mine is at your service", said the Baron" you may use it." "From now on, smiled the young soldier, "may I be known as Frederick William Steuben?" So pleased was Steuben that he gave the soldier $5.00 a month and left him some land in the state of Virginia when the war was over.

In April, a new invader entered Virginia under General Philips with twenty-five hundred men. LaFayette was ordered to Richmond, while on his way the British had ascended as far as Petersburg, where Steuben with only one thousand men defended himself so bravely that the enemy advanced at the rate of only one mile in two hours. By thus holding in check the advance of the opposing forces, he enabled LaFayette to reach Richmond and save the place.

The war was now drawing to a close. General Philips had been killed. Arnold and Cornwallis were planning an invasion of Virginia and to meet this situation, Washington dispatched General Wayne with heavy re-enforcements to join LaFayette and Baron Steuben. So closely did they immediately press upon Cornwallis that he proceeded to entrench himself at Yorktown. During the siege which followed Baron Steuben was in the trenches where he did good work and where he remaind until the British flag was struck. It was a never ending source of delight to Baron Steuben that he was at the surrender of Cornwallis. Following the surrender, he sold his horse in order to give a dinner to the British Generals as all the other officers except him had extended this courtesy and he could not bear to be thought lacking in hospitality or graciousness.

Immediately after the close of the war, Baron Steuben was sent to Canada to demand the surrender of the posts on the frontier but not succeeding in this mission, returned to headquarters a short time before the army was disbanded. This was one of the most distressing scenes of the entire war. Officers and men laid down their arms poor, unpaid, distitute, to return to their homes which had been ravished by the years of sacrifice to the cause. Steuben, had no home, no relations in America. A stranger in an improverished land—he gave little thought to his own condition or his future and endeavored to cheer despondent officers and throw a little sunshine into the gloom. One of his last acts was to empty the contents of his purse into the lap of the wife of Colonel Cochrane, who was penniless in the garret of a wretched Tavern with no place to call home. On the point of leaving Virginia he went to Major North lying ill with fever and told him that he was leaving with him, his sulky so that he might ride home in comfort, he having sold his horse prior to this He also devided with him the last small amount of money he had in this world.

Washington wrote him a letter on the day he resigned his commission to Congress in which he expressed the high esteem and affection he bore him. He also endeavored to secure through Congress, the office of Secretary of War for Steuben but in this he failed and the Baron retired to private life. For seven years he petitioned Congress for the sum of money which they were to remunerate him, but in vain. Just why, no one has ever been able to understand! Through the efforts of Hamilton and Washington he finally obtained a salary of twenty-five hudred dollars a year-only half of what he had surrendered fourteen years before to risk his all in the service of his country. How Congress could have coldly violated its own contract, the witnesses of which were still living and gave their testimony, is not easily reconciled with justice or national integrity. What must a man who was the soul of honor, himself, have thought of such an action?

Virginia and New Jersey each had given Baron Steuben small tracts of land, while New York voted him a whole township near Utica. It was here old Aid-de-Camp of Fredrick repaired and built for himself a rude home of logs on a sixty acre clearing of land, sat down at home for the rest of his life—with his faithful servants, his dogs and a few friends who clung to him with romantic attachment, and let the current of years drift peacefully by him. If he ever longed for the splender of a European court no one ever heard him express it. He always seemed happy in the land of his adoption. Its freedom suited well his brave bold spirit, and he loved America always as a father loves a son. The last years of his life were spent in deeds of kindness and generosity for all who came his way.

On the 25th day of November 1794, Baron Steuben was struck with paralysis and three days later he answered the call of the "long roll". He was buried in the forest of his farm, not far from Utica N. Y. His martial cloak around him, the star of honor he always wore upon his breast. Over him, no farewell shot was fired above his grave. He was left alone in the forest with the tall trees for sentinels about him and the wind to sigh through their leafless branches his last dirge. Subsequently,

Continued on page 40.

A Christmas Story

From "The Boys and Sally, Down on a Plantation"

By ROSE B. KNOX

Foreword

Sally's grandmother was very sick, and her mother had to go to her. What was to become of "the boys and Sally?" This was all arranged when Father said "I believe I've thought of the very thing, Kate? You know Brother Louis and Sister are always begging for them, and it's really a shame they've never been down on the plantation before." So we find them down on the White Hills Plantation just before Christmas.

* * * *

"SALLY," said Aunty, one December morning, "It's high time we were getting your mother's Christmas box off. Are your presents all ready to put in?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'll get them right now," and soon she came flying into the sitting room where Aunty was carefully packing a wounderful fruit cake while Becky tied up other packages.

Sally hovered over them as the box was slowly filled. "Oh! oh! oh! Won't all of 'em at home just be plum silly about these scrumptious things!" she exclaimed. "And won't they be surprised that I can make such nice presents?" she added proudly as her own lovingly made gifts—a pretty bag for Mother, Father's neatly hemmed handkerchief and the aprons for Cook and Mammy —were tucked in at the last.

"It is a nice box", said Aunty. "There, I think everything is in," Sally had a sudden fear.

"Why Auntie, I don't believe there is a single thing from Brother, and I'm awful afraid he's forgotten all about them at home, he's so little." But not at all, for just then in trotted Van, carrying on his head a big curious-looking contraption made of laths.

"It's a rabbit trap, Aunty," he said, beaming at her. "I made it my own self for my father and mother and Mammy. Put it in the box".

"It's a fine trap, darling," said Aunty, "but it's so big, I think we will have to keep it 'til they come. Hadn't you rather do that and help them catch a rabbit with it?"

But this wouldn't do at all, and Van was so heart broken at the idea that Uncle Louis could not bear it. He got a big box which would hold the Christmas packages and Van's trap besides and send them off together.

"Sister Kate will think we're crazy, but I can't have the little fellow unhappy at Christmas time. Well, I know one thing, I'd sure like to see them open that box!" He chuckled with much enjoyment at the thought.

"And I know another thing, said Aunty. "Christmas is coming fast so we will have to hustle if we are to get anything ready in time."

"Why, Aunty, it seems mighty slow to me". exclaimed Sally. "It's bad enough back home with just us, but when I think about the whole family coming over here Christmas Eve and all of us hanging up our stockings and everything, why it just seems like the time 'll never come."

"Can I hang up my stocking tonight, Aunty?" asked Van eagerly, and he kept on asking, as surprises were planned, presents finished, and mysteries deepened every day.

Richard carved and chipped away in the shop. Sally retired to the playroom with her secrets. Van sawed and hammered in the woodshed, and Lou was always slipping off, no one knew where. Aunty sewed on something dainty and white, which she covered when Sally came by, and someone was always bringing bundles over to White Hills which kept them all agog.

"What is that, Betsy? Let me feel," begged Sally as she reached out for a lumpy package that she caught Betsy putting in the closet. But Betsy was too quick. She swung it up high and grinned.

"Laroes fer to catch medders—better look out li'l' missy." Then, to someone who was calling:

"No, no, don't come in here right now!" and loud whispers came floating through doors and round corners.

"You sure do have to put your hands over your ears to keep from hearing," said Sally, "specially when Brother's round."

"Dat's de truf," agreed Betsy. "Dat chile do hab de wus' time wid he's sweet li'l mouf."

So for that matter did Sally and Lou and even Aunty. Uncle Louis was worst of all, and there

never was any telling whether he was funning or really slipped.

"Oh, Sally," he called now, "I've just seen the nicest little d—— when pop went his hand over his mouth; then he said innocently. "Well, well, I nearly got caught that time." Sally flew at him and pounded him as hard as she could. He was so tantalizing.

"Richard has an unfair advantage over me," Uncle Louis went on with an injured air.

"Why?" demanded Sally.

"Well, he doesn't talk anyhow, so he never gets into trouble, while I am just naturally such a big mouth I can't help myself."

"Mars' Louis sho' am de mos' onstreperous man" said Lou, as they all giggled anew.

Aunty tried to look severely at them.

"It's a good thing that someone in the family doesn't talk all the time or there would be no one at all to listen," she said. But she had to laugh too, as she turned to Dilsey, who had come in to remind her that it was time to make ginger cakes for the plantation Christmas treat.

With that they moved into the kitchen, where great measures of sugar and flour, basket of eggs, big pitchers of rich sweet milk and foaming buttermilk: crocks full of golden butter: spices, ginger, soda were waiting on the fresh-scrubbed tables.

Lou beat the eggs, Aunty and Dilsey mixed the rich brown dough, and Betsy rolled it thin and smooth. Sally cut out the cakes with the most delightful cutters of many shapes, a fat pig, a cat a horse, and stars, rings, hearts, and diamonds too. Little Dilsey put them into flat pans, popped them in the oven, watching till they were done.

"Clare to goodness, Mistis, I don't see how we'd ever got dis Christmas cookin' done 'dout dis chile." said Dilsey admiringly, as Sally worked away with crimson cheeks at her cut—cut—cutting.

When the ginger cakes, dozens and dozens of big fat ones, were all made, Dilsey said," Clear out now, en don' none er y'all put yer foot back in dis kitchen till I says so, case I'se got ter hab plenty ob elbow room when I bakes my cakes en cooks." As they obeyed she murmured:

"Lemme see now, poun' cake, silber cake, gold cake, marble cake, done made. Cocoanut layer, en er lemon cheese—dat's all for terday."

Outside Sally spied Alex and Richard driving off in a big wagon. "Wait, wait for me!" she shrieked, and scrambled up just in time to go with them for the Christmas tree and greens. They came back at twilight, and Alex put up the tall holly tree right away, so the decorations could go on that night.

And it was a beauty—all gay with its own red berries, rosettes of scarlet and old leaves, strings of popcorn and cranberries, many sweet-gum balls —dipped in whitewash or bright paint, and tiny beeswax candles!

"It's the prettiest one I ever saw," said Sally with a sigh of content, "and just think, we made all those things on it our very own selves.

Next morning in rushes John Louis and Mary Lyle, just home from college with a crowd of young folks. They had come to finish the decorating. Soon the house was a lovely fragrant place, with trailing vines of Southern similax, festoons of cedar, wreathes of holly and a great clump of mistletoe hanging under the parlor chandelier. Then Sally gathered a big bunch of violets, and some yellow roses which still bloomed in the yard behind the chimney, as a final touch.

"Come on, Aunty, and play for us," said Cousin John Louis, whirling Sally off in a waltz. Aunty went to the piano, and the big boys and girls danced on the broad veranda for a while, then they mounted their horses and rode away to pay other visits, calling:

"We'll sure be back to hang up our stockings tonight." For Christmas Eve had come at last!

Soon after the carriages began to arrive, and aunts and uncles with their big and little children piled out. All the White Hills household came hurrying to greet them, and there was much kissing and hugging, with everybody talking at once.

"You boys sure better behave yourselves this time," warned Sally, and John Jr., who was just sticking his tongue out at her, hastily took it in.

"Do you know what ol' Santa's going to bring Van?" asked Rob excitedly.

"Yes, I wrote him 'zackly what I wanted," shouted Van, jumping up and down.

"How's yo' gittin on, Sis Dilsey?" said fat Mammy Jane to equally fat Dilsey.

"Po'ly, po'ly, praise de lawd," answered Dilsey with a wide grin "En how's yo', yo'se'f?"

"Me? Well. I' just tollabul," cheerfully answered Mammy.

Inside the house great wood fires were blazing everywhere. Jerry and Sol went from one room to another, piling on big oak and hickory logs and fat pine knots, and the spicy fragrance of the cedar made everyone sniff with pleasure.

"Dear me, Sister, where will you put us all?" exclaimed Aunt Julia; but pallets were spread on the floor for the children, and the big boys were sent down to the overseer's old house, so there was plenty of room for everybody.

The little children went back to the playroom

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When New York Was Young

FROM the September morning, in 1609, when Hendrick Hudson and his little band of twenty brought their craft, the Half Moon into New York Harbor and began trading with the Indians who came down to the shore to meet them Manhattan Island has played a momentous role in the commercial history of the world.

Returning to Amsterdam after this voyage of discovery, Hudson's reports were so favorable regarding the possibility of trade in furs which abounded in the new country that the merchants were quick to grasp an opportunity to enrich themselves immediately forming a company known as the United Netherland and without delay fitted out trading vessels to be sent to the territory visited by Hudson and his men for the purpose of buying rich furs which could be obtained for small sums from the Indians. The result was very satisfactory, and a trading post was established on the southern end of Manhattan Island with the exclusive privilege of trade which they held until the year 1618 when a special lease was secured expiring yearly but to which they held for possibly two or three years.

In the meantime some capitalists and wealthy merchants in Holland secured a charter in 1621 with the title of the West India Company and a right to trade on the whole of the territory claimed by the Netherlands. In 1623, a vessel with thirty families to establish a colony reached the present site of Albany and made settlement there. The vessel carried a return cargo of furs valued at $12,000. As this settlement was further inland than was intended, the company decided to make Manhattan Island headquarters and sent a large number of settlers over in 1625 and with them came as Director General of the colony, Peter Minun, to superintend the interests of the company. With these settlers were a hundred head of cattle, fowls, and other domestic necessities for a permanent settlement which this proved to be. Peter Minuit in order to obtain title to the island, purchased it from the Indians. They began their town by staking out a fort and preparing to build themselves simple homes similar to those used by the Indians with modifications directed by an engineer, Kryn Fredrick.

In 1626, the machinery for a saw mill was sent over from Holland and set up on Governor's Island. This worked by wind power and the virgin growth of trees were converted into timber and floated to the settlement where they were used for the erection of more comfortable buildings. To the Dutchman, no house is a home which does not provide him with drink and any house is a home which does, the West India Company very soon established a Brewery in order that the settlement might be supplied with their favorite beverage. No Puritanical laws regulated the conduct of the settlers here and they drank as much as they desired and bartered in beer to some extent. The village grew rapidly with ships plying back and forth and bringing new arrivals. The English traders, too, stopped at this point when traveling from Virginia to New England and in 1641, the then Governor General Kief seeing the great inconvenience suffered by strangers being quartered with villegers upon arrival and that there was no place for the English whom the Dutch disliked and could not understand on account of difference in speech, decided to erect a City Tavern. This was built facing East River. It was of stone construction and three stories high with basement. It was a most expensive edifice and the pride of the entire village of New Amsterdam. In 1643 the City Tavern was leased to Philip Gerritsen for the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars a year and opened for the entertainment of the public. Gerritsen was allowed to sell the Company's wine and beer. The Director General had a well dug near the Tavern and later a brew-house was erected. The City Tavern was not only used as a hostelry but as a place of detention as well. At one time it housed twenty-three Englishmen who were arrested by the Dutch for attempting settlement on their territory. Court for the hearing of minor cases sat in this Tavern and one of the first Conventions ever held in New Amsterdam convened at City Tavern for the purpose of planning a defense against hostile Indians.

In 1652 New Amsterdam was incorporated as a city with mayor called "a schout" and two burgomasters and a magistrate. The laws were very liberal, so much so that the Puritan Captain John Underhill of New England came down to New Amsterdam on a visit and became gloriously drunk while in the city. It is told that on this night when Capt. Underhill was taking in the town with a couple of companions, that the Tavern keeper, Philipp Gerritsen was having company to tea. Dr. Hans Kiersted, the Dominie Bogardus, Mr. Opydck and their respective wives. Capt Underhill and Lieutenant Baxter raided the tavern and cut in pieces the door posts and furnishings with their swords.

Finally the guard from the Fort was called in to quell the disturbance.

On the ground now occupied by No. 1 Broadway, was built a small Tavern by Peter Cock and run for him for many years. It was frequented by soldiers and when Peter Cock, Dr. LaMantagne and Underhill returned from an expedition against the Indians for which they had been dispatched by Governor Gen. Kief, they brought with them several prisoners who were supposed to have been tortured and finally killed in front of this Tavern which was the house furtherest west of the Fort.

On the lot adjoining that of Peter Cock No. 3 Broadway, Martin Crigier, obtained a grant, on which a house was erected. He seems from military annals of New York to have been a prominent Dutchman. He conducted several military expeditions and repelled the threatened invasion of the English and the Governor Stuyvesant held him in high esteem. He too, was a Tavern keeper and it was near this Tavern that the parade grounds and the cattle market were located on what is now Bowling Green. Here gathered the Indian trappers with furs to sell as well as other articles of barter. News of the day and heated discussions as well as frequent quarrels and personal encounters were numerous for beer and wines were plentiful and all imbibed freely.

On the East side of the Fort and close to it on a corner, now Whitehall and Stone Streets where the Produce Exchange is situated, was a Tavern erected in 1641 and run by a Frenchman who had left gay Paris for good reasons, possibly. He was Phillip Gerard. He erected a sign of a white horse on a black ground and the place became known as White Horse Tavern. Some lively scenes were enacted here. Gerard became not only a Tavern keeper but trader and did so well, one way and another that he later erected for himself a fine house on Stone Street not far from his tavern. When Gov. Peter Stuyvesant arrived in New Amsterdam in 1647, he found the town as wide open as a town could be. He immediately began passage of laws and ordinances which controlled Sunday observance and sale of drinks in the Taverns which numbered half of the houses in New Amsterdam. Just about this time another Tavern was erected on what is now 125 Pearl Street by Litchoe who came over with some of the early settlers. He leased this property to Andries Jochemsen who had quite a bit of trouble with the authorities for he would sell beer on Sunday and kept a resort of general disorder. Later, Daniel Litschoe purchased a lot inside the "wall and erected a house where he resided for many years and where his wife ran a Tavern after his death in 1662. The "wall" was a line of palisades which had been built across the island along the north side of what is now Wall Street through the present Trinity church yard. This had been erected in 1653 when England and Holland were at war and the English from New England were threatening New Amsterdam. It had two gates. One was the water gate on Pearl Street and the other with the land gate at junction of Wall and Broadway.

In 1660, following the repeated attacks of the Indians, all of the outlying settlements were ordered to abandon their position and gather together in a hamlet or villege for protection. This was arranged and a settlement was established on what is now the Bowery section of Manhattan and the road leading to this village was called the Bowery Road or the Lane. It was the end of the road until the English opened a line of trade with the New England colonies and though the length of the island to King's Bridge and this became a highway which was much traveled.

About two miles out a famous resort was established and frequented by many of the pleasure loving young people who were no doubt considered the "pace makers"' of the day and possibly frowned upon just as many of the present day antics are discouraged by the older and more sedate inhabitants. As the two mile road to the Tavern was one of the greatest length in Manhattan it was especially used for sleighing which was a great sport and at the innkeepers resourt a fine hot supper and drinks to suit the thirsty and chills.

One writer stated that the sleighing filled the road and that they drove so fast as to make it worth one's life to travel that way on foot. That as many as six horses were used to a sleigh and that none turned aside or cared for other than themselves.

When in 1690, commissioners came down from New England to confer with the Dutch settlement on steps to be taken for protection against the French and Indians, they declined to come to the city, for small-pox was then quite prevelent, but they met at the little Tavern two miles out which they described as neat and good. A few years later John Clapp was landlord of the Two-Mile Tavern. He was the maker and publisher of the first almanac by a resident of New York City. It was not the first printed there, for the Bradford Alamanac was printed in the city prior to this time. However, John Clapp is recognized as the very first man to set up a hackney coach for hire and advertised the fact in his almanac. He was a very social gentleman and entertained at his Tavern all the men by the name of John in the city. In 1692, John Clapp was clerk in the New York Assembly in session in New York. Seven miles from Clapp's was the half-

way house and nine miles further on the road was the King's Bridge and six miles from the bridge was Old Shute's place in East Chester.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, New York was regarded by all Europe as a port of protection for Pirates. Respected merchants of the city traded with the pirate crews, They would load their vessels with liquor and firarms and other articles desired by the pirates and meet them out on the high seas where these were enchanged for slaves, rich plunder and gold siezed by the pirates from Africa or the booty of the high seas. One such voyage it is stated in Historical records of New York would make a man wealthy for life. Noted Pirates came into the port of New York at will and were entertained there often in a manner due the nobility. This was accomplished by the reason of gifts which found their way to the Governor and enriched that worthy gentleman who would rather accept gold from the pirate crew that possibly to loose his head to them.

Capt. Tew was one of the most famous pirates who visited New York. He was said to have been very handsome and quite dashing in appearance with his decorative costume of silk and gold embroidery and high boots. The then Governor Fletcher received him as a friend and invited him to his table and had him ride with him in his coach drawn with four horses. He gave him commission to go against the French with the understanding that he would bring his cargo back to New York. Tew set out but went directly to the fields where gain were greatest, East India, and preyed upon the commerce and shipping of the company. John Hoare also received a commission from Governor Fletcher and after the absence of nearly a year returned laden with rich booty and landed it at night. When the English removed Gov. Fletcher and attempted to stop the landing of pirates, the merchants interfered and fought for the pirates often using violence to protect them while they unloaded their rich cargoes.

One of the famous old places in lower New-York was the tavern owned and run by Robert Todd. It stood near the corner of Pearl or Dock Street and Broadway. It was a famous place for balls, dinners for the Governor and his party. The anniversary of the coronation was celebrated at Todds with as fine a gathering of ladies and gentlemen as was ever seen together in New York so states some of the papers of the day.

About this time there came to New York a man from the West Indies called from his swarthy complexion "Black Sam". He was a Frenchman and his real name was Samuel Francis and he became a Tavern Keeper without a peer. Not only has he stood forth in history for his fame as a tavern keeper, but for his connection with the Revolutionary war. Broadway did not extend north of Vesey Street in those days and the present Broadway was Rutger's Farm Road on the city maps. Just prior to this time, Trinity church had laid out streets and lots in the Church Farm and leased these lots on which dwellings had been erected facing on the commons which were the pasture lands for the heards of cows. Samuel Frances occupied one of these houses which was one of those frequented by only the best people. In 1761 he advertises his pickles, sweetmeats and soups. In 1762 Frances purchased the famous DeLancey house on the present Pearl and Broad which is still standing and owned by the Son's of American Revolution. It was quite a large residence and well suited for a tavern, both handsome and conspicious. It had been erected by Stephen DeLancey in 1719 It was a four story square structure with Dutch colonial entrance and half the basement above ground making it really a five story structure. Plays had been given here and when not run as a tavern it had been used by Col. Joseph Robinson as a residence. Francis paid two thousand pounds for the building and called the tavern "Queen Charlotte" and announced that dinner would be served every day at one o'clock. Later Samuel Francis obtained a place on the church farm and opened up an amusement resort calling the place after Vauxhall Garden in London. Here he charged admission to see a group of wonderful wax figures dressed in the elegant manner of the Romans. He continued here with varied attractions until 1774, running not only the New York Tavern but one in Philadelphia by the same name "Queen Charlotte". Francis Tavern, later known as "Queen's Head", become the meeting place of the political leaders prior to and during the Revolutionaray War and also the meeting place of the New York Society. For some years, Francis rented the tavern but returned to it again in 1771. There is still in existance an old list of those who belonged to the Social Club which met at Samuel Francis house every Saturday night. Among them are seen the names of John Jay, Robert Livingston, John Livingston, Edward Gould and many others. The British landed at this spot September 15th. 1776 on the day they took the city and the club never met again.

As soon as news of the signing the treaty at the close of the Revolution was heard, hundreds of people hurried to New York City and among them went Samuel Francis to reclaim his property on Pearl and Broad St. Here on June 18th. 1776, it has been stated, Washington and his suite were elaborately entertained by the provisional

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Squire D---- and the "M" Box

The Way In Which Howell Cobb Evened Up With The Whigs

THERE was a day when Georgia was not a one-party state. That was before the shadow of the race question fell across the field of politics before reconstruction aroused bitter feelings, before the Solid South came to constitute the backbone of Democracy in this country.

In those times, free in large measure from sectional animosities, the constant warfare between Democrats and Whigs was the natural result of differences in political opinions. Georgia had her full share of earnest and devoted Whigs and they never failed to vote their convictions.

Now, among the greatest Democrats of his day was Howell Cobb, of Georgia, a member of Congress at twenty-eight years of age, speaker of the national house of representatives at thirty-four, governor of Georgia at thirty-six, secretary of the treasury in the Cabinent of President Buchanan at forty-two, president of the provisional Congress of the Confederate States at forty-six, prominently mentioned for President at that time, and Major General in the Confederate army at forty-eight.

But with all his ability and popularity he never was able to carry Clarks County where he lived, in any election. The Whigs always saw to it that he trailed in the low column on the tally-sheet. For Clarke County was overwhelmingly Whig, and the people would not cast off from their political moorings even to honor a favorite son.

Howell Cobb was often heard to remark that he had two great ambitions, one to be able to drive a stage coach like the famous Zach Ivy, and the other to carry Clarke County in just one election, even if it should be for so humble a place as militia district bailiff. But he never realized either of his ambitions. Finally he took his medicine philosophically and ceased to bother himself about carrying Clark County in any election thereafter.

He was a politician, however, he knew how to reward his friends and punish his enimies, and he simply bided his time, having resolved to get even with the Whigs of Clarke County at the first opportune moment. That moment arrived when President Buchanan called him to his cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury in 1857.

Among the privileges that he enjoyed in his new office was that of suggesting to the president the proper person for the postmastership at the county seat of his home county. The county seat of Clarke County at that time was Watkinsville, a thriving town, peopled by quite a number of cultured and progressive citizens. But there were only three Democrats living in Watkinsville, and Secretary Cobb was restricted in his choice, as it was quite certain that he would recommend no one save a Democrat.

So he picked out Squire D—for the position of postmaster then held by Rev. John C. Johnson, a well known and well-educated local Methodist preacher, who had looked after the affairs of that office for a number of years and who was an applicant for re-appointment. But Secretary Cobb, although he was a warm personal friend of Rev. Johnson, had no idea of allowing him to continue to hold the postmastership. For Johnson was a Whig and that settled it.

Squire D—was neither a lawyer nor judge and had received his title simply because he was a popular old man. He had, year in and year out, voted the Democratic ticket. His record was flawless in that respect. But he had one very unfortunate drawback. He knew his alphabet, but that was about the extent of his book learning. He could neither read or write.

When the announcement of his appointment as postmaster was made, the people of Watkinsville were first amazed and then furious. President Buchanan was bombarded with letters, resolutions and protests. The Whigs made up their minds they would not submit to such treatment. Secretary Cobb simply sat back and laughed. His day of retaliation had come.

One day the president sent for him and he shrewdly guessed what the chief executive at the White House wanted with him. As he went to answer the summons, he made up his mind as to just how much he would handle the situation. He knew the president was a great party man, so he decided to play up party loyalty of Squire D— and to soft-pedal the education business.

"I wish to ask you a straight question, Mr. Cobb said the President. "I am getting all kinds of letters from this little town of Watkinsville, in your county, and they irritate me very much. They say

you have had me appoint as postmaster there a man who is illiterate and who knows nothing about running a postoffice. They do not attack his character. They simply say that it is intolerable to have an illiterate postmaster. What have you to say about it?"

"I should say they wouldn't dare attack the character of Squire D— There is no citizen in Clarke County who is more blameless. He is a pillar in his church, kind, generous, lovable. He is the victim of Whig prejudice. That is all there is to all this excitement. The Whigs are determined to prevent a Democrat from being postmaster, if possible. Square D—has fought all his life for the Democratic party. He is one of three Democrats in his community. His political life has been a very pleasant one. He bears the scars of Whig wrath and yet he has never lowered the Democratic flag. I thought you were a good enough politician Mr. President, to see through all this, for it is nothing in the world but Whig prejudice and Whig persecution."

"Well that being true, Mr. Cobb, we will show them that we are not to be intimidated," replied the President. "The nomination of the postmaster of Watkinsville stands. It shall not be said that I am unmindful of the duty owed by those in authority to faithful Democrats who suffer from Whig prejudice and Whig persecution."

So the protests of the Whigs of Watkinsville were unavailable. The day came for the new administration to begin. Postmaster Johnson retired and Squire D—mounted the throne.

A few days later a citizen, entering the postoffice, spoke to the new postmaster cordially as he sat in his chair puffing away at his pipe and asked if there were any newspapers there for William Jones.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jones, plenty of them," said Squire D—"Just walk around to that table over there and find them. So Mr. Jones had to plow through dozens of papers piled high on the table until he came across those belonging to him. And about the time he left some other citizen came in and he was directed back to the table to hunt for his newspaper. And thus it went on from day to day, plowing through stacks of newspapers in search of mail.

But the handling of the newspaper distribution and delivery was nothing compared to the handling of letters. There were a number of pigeonholes labeled with letters of the alphabet, into which the former postmaster had distributed the letters that came to the offce. The new Postmaster attempted to use these receptacles, and after much study and careful scrutinizing of the pigeon-holes, he devised a plan that was highly satisfactory to him, if not to the patrons of the office.

A dainty young miss tripped into the office. The old man was all smiles. He loved the young people and they were fond of him too.

"Any letters here today, Squire D—for Amy Brown?"

"No, Miss Brown, the "B" box is empty today. I'm sorry. Come again, better luck maybe tomorrow."

A farmer strolled in, slapped the Squire on the shoulder and began a conversation on the latest subjects, how business was coming along, how the government at Washington was settling the interesting issues of the day, how the crops in Clarke County and that section of Georgia looked, etc., Then suddenly remembering what he had come for, the farmer asked if there were any letters for Sam Jackson.

Squire D—had glanced at the letters as he went about distributing them. Nearly all the letters began either "Mr. or "Mrs." or "Miss", and consequntly all of them went into the "M" box. The few that were not so addressed went to keep company on the newspapers on the table.

So Mrs. Martin had to go through all the letters in the "M" box to find those belonging to her. It was vanity and vexation of spirit, but had at least one compensating feature. She could at least see who were getting letters and where they came from. And while she castigated the innocent old postmaster and the President of the United States who had appointed him, she had the pleasure of swapping gossip when she met with her friends.

The people of Watkinsville writhed under this treatment from Washington, but they were powerless. It was a Democratic administration and what did it care about Whig comfort or convenience. As they had to accept the situation, they worked out a solution. Rev. Johnson was a man of considerable leisure and the business of the postoffice in the small town was not burdensome, so, in order to help out in this trying situation Mr. Johnson agred to assist Squire D—in handling the affairs at the postoffice.

So in a few days the people of Watkinsville were made happy. Mr. Johnson distributed the papers properly relieved the congestion of letters in the "M" box and everything went smoothly and satisfactory. At the proper time he made up Squire D—'s reports and sent them on to Washington, reports made out in a perfectly beautiful handwriting and with absolute mathematical accuracy.

Thus the storm blew over and happiness reigned in Watkinsville. Up in Washington, President Buchanan was no longer bombarded with letters of protest and Secretary Cobb went his way with

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Mixed Packages

By KATE SPEAKE PENNEY

IT was just before Christmas, 1929, and Mrs. Ellett was busily wrapping her Christmas packages. She felt secure from interruptions because of the cold rain which was falling.
the cold rain which was falling.

"Oh, dear," she siged, "Christmas always comes too soon for me. "I wish I wasn't such a put—offer, "as my old cook used to say"". "Why Mother", responded Clarie, "you do not put off so much. You are just as busy as you can be all the time."

"I really do spin around like a top, but I never accomplish half what I plan. .Perhaps it is lack of system, or possibly it is the possession of four lovely daughters. A blessing of course, but how busy all of you keep me. I get in such a rush I can not think straight. I believe I have mislaid some of my packages".

"Don't worry, Mother, my gifts are all wrapped and ready, so I can help you. You know Daddy said last night that worry is just mental hurry half the time".

"If I only knew that Genevieve's baby would come on a slow train, but it will probably be the family Christmas gift. But she seemed to be feeling all right last night. Perhaps the stork will wait for the New Year."

"We should not have planned two Christmas parties, Francesca does not want one anyhow."

"No, she does not want it, but she needs it. Betty does not need a party and she is crazy about it. I promised it to the child last Summer, so she will have to have it, but I am going to make it smile. As for Francesca she would rather sit silent in a corner than dance. She is so absent minded and dreamy she needs waking up."

"Of course. Francesca is not the chattering, giggly kind", agreed Clarie, "but she would have a stupid time as a debutante unless she has more ambition. She would rather listen to Uncle Frank's poetry than dance with any of the boys."

"Speaking of Uncle Frank, I do not believe he relishes being called Uncle by you girls as much as he used to. He is just my step brother anyhow, not a blood relation, and is only ten years older than you", and she looked questioningly at her daughter

"Well, he seems older, and I always think of him as a real Uncle. Funny thing about ages anyhow, although Francesca is two years my junior, she seems much older".

"Perhaps she gets as much joy out of life", responded her Mother, "but she takes things quietly, and you are always jumping around".

"Things certainly circulate where I am", laughed Clarie. "But Mother don't begin to imagine that Uncle Frank has any romantic ideas about me. He calls me Miss Flibbertigibbett. I get on his nerves and he bores me with his books and his verses, but Francesca looks at him adoringly, and as for his poetry, she fairly laps it up."

"It spoils the Christmas spirit to be in such a rush. My list is really too long, but I do not know where to begin to cut it down. Then I really enjoy giving, but the selection bothers me. Every year just after the holidays I have so many bright ideas about what I might have given. I resolve to make a memorandum of what suits who and buy gradually thru the year.. But somehow I never carry out that fine idea".

"You do not seem to have many silk stockings as usual this year, Mother?"

"No, I mentioned to Mrs. Williams of the Quest Club that when I was in doubt about what to give, to several friends I solved that question by getting silk stockings. Miss Daly was sitting near and she said, "get a book instead of silk stockings, it costs no more and lasts longer." But Mrs. Williams raised the objection to that by saying. "Well you could not get a modern novel, your friends would either believe that you had decadent taste or that you thought they had." So I did get some Anthologies, but so much of the modern poetry is just so queer.

I always thought that poetry meant beautiful ideas, beautifully expressed, but mercy, mercy, that definition does not fit a great deal that I see printed.

I selected a religious book for Mrs. Mooreman and a funny one for Mrs. Wilton."

"I'm sure they are all right, Mother, but you have not near enough tissue paper and ribbon. I'll just run down to the five and ten and get some".

"Thank you, dear, I wish you would. But where is my purse? Oh, dear, I have so much on my mind."

She tossed the packages about, looked hurriedly in three wrist bags, and in the pockets of her house dress, but the missing purse could not be found.

"I used to have pockets in my petticoats and

then I could keep up with my pocketbook and my keys, but you girls laughed at me about that and I suppose it was tacky. Then most women did not wear petticoats. They stopped wearing underwear and the price of cotton went down. But personally I like petticoats.

"Where can that purse be? Just as apt to be in the waste basket as not."

"We have looked every where else", answered Claire upsetting the waste basket on the floor and sure enough there it was.

Francesca floated in as her sister ran out. "Can I help you, Mother"? she inquired.

"I guess not darling, are your own things all ready"?

"Not quite", confessed Francesca," I have not even bought them all, but there is plenty of time."

"Now Francesca, you are a put-offer too! Do you not realize that Christmas is just around the corner?" "Well, I will get Claire to help me, she is through with hers".

"Yes that will be best. She may be Miss Flibbertigebbet as Frank says, but she does get things done. But darling you just sit and dream the hours away".

"I know I do, Mother, I'll reform when the New Year comes".

"Well when you turn over the new leaf be sure you get it flopped as Aunt Mandy used to say. We laughed so at one of her remarks. "Quality white folks is fine, but pore white trash is wusser den de niggers. Deys always agwin to turn over a new leaf, but day never does get it flopped."

You know you are eighteen Francesca, you must depend on yourself and not expect Clarie and me to do so much for you".

"All right Mother darling, I'll flop the new leaf right now" smiled Francesca.

Soon Claire came blithely back. "I'm sure we have enough ribbon, paper, stamps and cards now Francesca let us both help Mother with her packages, then she will have it off her mind, and can concentrate on the party".

"Mother please don't insist on giving me a party", begged Francesca, "I would much rather not have it".

"A party is no trouble at all in comparison to a big wedding," said Claire.

"Oh, not a big wedding", remonstrated Francesca.

"Mercy, girls, we don't want any weddings now. For heavens sake don't spring that on me! I'd have nervous prostration. Why Claire, Francesca is'nt even out yet"!

"Uncle Frank has been in love with her for two years, I know", asserted Claire. "He has been trying to divert her mind from that fictitious relationship and I imagine he has succeeded. "Still water runs deep", she quoted, "I have not heard much, but their silences are impressive. She thinks she does not deserve any one as wounderful as he is, and he believes he does not deserve anyone as altogether lovely as she is. Two negatives equal an affirmative. So there you are! Result.. A wedding".

"Oh, Claire", pleaded her sister. "Your tongue and your imagination run away with you. You are just guessing, but I have proof that you and Jimmy Brent are in love with each other. Shall I tell Mother what I heard him say to you last night!"

"Jimmy Brent, well he is all right". Mrs. Ellett sighed hesitatingly. "But you girls take my breath away. For goodness sake slow up your love affairs. Genevieve's baby is on the way. Christmas is rushing us and Betty's party is crowding on that".

"Dear old Mummy", laughed Claire, "do not look so woe begone. "It is natural to expect that we will get married some day".

"Some day, yes, I suppose so, but I do not want to even think about it now.

According to recognized ideas opposites attract. Eugenically speaking, Frank and you, Claire, might pair off better, and Jimmy and Francesca".

"Oh, Mother," exclamed Claire, "not one girl in a thousand thinks of future generations when she falls in love. Eugenics, nonsense, congenial couples create the divorce courts. Uncle Frank and Francesca will blissfully prose over poetry, and Jimmy and I will dance and prance along matrimonial paths like spirited ponies".

"Your father would say that dancing, prancing ponies usually kick out of harness. But I do not wish to be a kill joy or destroy illusions.

Life does that all too quickly. Anyhow I hope any more weddings are far in the future."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Ellett answered and came back looking distressed.

"Just as I feared. Genevieve's husband says they are leaving for the hospital and for me to meet them there. You girls will have to attend to the packages, stamp, direct and mail them and do be careful not to mix them up".

"Of course, Mother we understand who gets what. Trust to us and do not give it a thought".

"I can only think of Genevieve now. Look after Betty too and look for me when you see me. Bye, bye, dears".

The cook opened the door and held up a bleeding finger, "I hates to bother you Miss Claire, but I cut my finger so bad opening a can of peas

dat I jes can't make no biscuit".

"Oh, goody", ejaculated Betty, who came in just behind her. "I don't mean that, Cooky, cause I am sorry you cut your finger, but Claire does make such good biscuit".

Claire rose, "we will have to leave the packages until after dinner Francesca. I will finish in the kitchen, if you will put some mercurocome on Ella's finger".

"Of course", agreed Francesca.

"Scuse me Miss Francesca, I don't want no new fangled kind o' stuff on me. Course a comb might do fer a rooster, and I's allus heard of curry comb fer a hoss, but I aint neider de one nor de odder. De reverend turkentine suits me".

"All right, Ella, turpentine you shall have. I was cleaning my brushes and palette with it today so I have quite a big bottle of it".

But by the time the girls had finished the dinner dishes Frank Fenton and Jimmy Brent had come.

"No movies for us to-night", asserted Claire. "We promised Mother to finish her Christmas packages for her. They are nearly all wrapped, but we have to direct them and stamp the ones to be sent away".

"You know more about them than I do Claire", said Francesca. "There are two bundles about the same size rather bulky you see, but not really heavy. Nicely wrapped and tied, but not labeled".

A puzzled frown eclipsed Claire's smiles as she tried to think for whom the gifts were intended.

She fully realized that the responsibility was hers, that the dreamy Francesca could not be relied on, especially when Frank Fenton's adoring gaze was upon her.

But Jimmy Brent's presence possessed her so completely that her cool, capable, composure deserted her. Thrilled by the touch of his hands ecstatic at the love light in his eyes, certainty was not possible, she could only guess.

"Let me see", she said, "one package I am sure is for the friend who has everything. It is a lovely ivory puff box with a concealed music box which plays delightfully when you open it. But it is so nicely wrapped it is a pity to open it. The others for a dear far away cousin who is pitifully poor and proud. Mother is always contriving some way to help her without hurting her feelings. So she does send her practical things. This is a pretty sweater which she knit herself. I should know by the strings".

"Well," said Jimmy, "this purple and gold ribbon looks more opulent than the tinsel string so it must be for the Lady who has Everything."

"Perhaps", assented Claire, "anyhow I will risk it".

"What a Christmas Spirit your Mother has", said Frank to Francesca", "and how much happiness she finds in giving. When I think of all she does for people I really believe Santa Claus has the wrong gender"".

"Dear Mother", said Francesca, "we are still children to her. She left a good deal of this to us because she was suddenly called away. But the presents for the family are all in order on a shelf in her dressing room" Then she added..

"Mother has the Christmas Spirit all year instead of limiting it to December".

"Mother love", mused Frank, "the sweetest and most unselfish thing in the world. I can understand the reverence and devotion the Catholics accord to the Virgin Mary".

"Here are two more puzzling packages", said Claire". "They are books, I am sure, a funny book for Mrs. Wilton, and a religious one for Mrs. Moorhead."

Jimmy weighed them calculatingly in his hands, "One is considerably heavier that the other. Naturally religion has more weight than fun".

"That assumption sounds correct so here goes it. The heavy volume to Mrs. Mooreman and the lighter one to Mrs. Wilton. "I'll direct them, Francesca, you are getting ink on your pretty fingers," and Frank quickly addressed the books."

"That is all", he added, 'except one more cute little gaget as you girls say. Now who is this for?

"Mother always sends something to Mrs. Jennings, Claire, and I have seen nothing with her name. Probably this is for her".

"I am not sure, Francesca, Mother said they had quite an argument at the D. A. R. meeting last week".

"That settles it" said her sister, " Mother never cherishes grudges. No doubt, she thought this a good time to hold out an olive branch."

Quite naturally Claire and Jimmy drifted into the drawing room across the hall and left Frank and Francesca in the library.

Quite naturally too so much light was not necessary for conversation and the saving of electricity is commendable.

The language of lovers is as old as the race and as new as the miracle of Spring.

The old clock in the hall chimed the half hours and the quarters unheeded. But at midnight the music of Notre Dame and the slow insistent twelve strokes of the clock arrested their attention.

Frank and Francesca looked up, and saw Jimmy and Claire under the wreath of holly and mistletoe in the doorway.

Love is a universal language, each of the four faces was illumined and aglow with an unmistakable expression.

Then Jimmy came forward and said merrily "Eventually, why not now?"

"I second the motion", Frank agreed.

"Oh, a little time, chorused the sisters.

The next morning Mrs. Ellett came home quite exhausted by the anxiety and sleeplessness of the night.

But Geneieve and the baby boy were doing well and the newly made grandmother slept all day.

The Elletts had a habit of talking things over and in many things making family decisions rather than individual ones.

Claire and Francesca immediately told their Mother of their engagements, and also that the prospective bridegrooms insisted on early marriages and simple ceremonies. Mr. Ellett joined the discussion, "I never knew a man, who did not hate a big wedding. It is always the bride who wants the fuss and feathers".

"That is quite natural, Fred", asserted his wife. "A girls wedding is the big event of her life. It should remain a happy memory always and she should enjoy her white satin and orange blossoms, and all the parties and presents. Genevieve's wedding was magnificent. We should do as well by Claire and Francesca".

"I did not want to spoil Christmas by speaking of the depression which is sweeping the country. But business seems dead all over the world. It will be necessary to practice the strictest economy. Two more big weddings like Genevieve's would throw me into bankruptcy".

"I want everything as quiet and simple as possible Father", asserted Francesca.

"Well, under the circumstances I agree", accented Claire. "Uncle Frank says big weddings remind him of a cake walk anyhow".

"Frank is already one of the family and he is just as comfortable to get along with as an old shoe".

"What a comparison, Father", blushed Francesca.

"I admit that Jimmy and I like things gay and festive, but we want to be sensible, especially as Jimmy is not at all rich, like Uncle Frank, so simplicity will suit us all right", agreed Claire.

"Now I have only Betty's party to worry about", said Mrs. Ellett.

"Oh Mother, I don't want it now. Kate Jordon's Cincinnati cousins are coming for the holidays, and she wants a big blow out at the Country Club. The dates are all taken, you could not squeeze another one in edgewise. So she asked me for the evening I had selected and I said O. K.".

As usual Cousin Patty came for Christmas dinner and was happy over her present. "You can not imagine how thrilled I was Gertrude, when I untied that magnificent ribbon of purple and gold and found that exquisite puff box. When I raised the lid and that music box began to play, I felt like a fairy god mother had remembered me. Of course I need and appreciate the practical presents my friends so kindly send me, but to have something not so strictly utilitarian is a wonder and a joy!

I just have to make a "miration" over it as the darkies say".

Her enthusiasm was so great that the expression of surprise on Mrs. Elletts face was unnoticed.

Then the telephone rang, and the Lady who had Everything said "My dear, I can not thank you enough for that warm woolly sweater. And your sweet note telling me there is love in all the stitches is so precious".

"How the girls have mixed things up", thought Mrs. Ellett, "but it seems all right so far".

Again the phone jingled and Mrs. Wilton's voice was heard. "Your selection of a serious book for me was such a compliment. You realize there is depth under my nonsense and I am so appreciative of your understanding."

"What next"?, Mrs. Ellett questioned mentally "Cupid is responsible for all these mistakes I know. He is notoriously full of mischief, but the blunders can not all be so fortunate".

Later a note came from Mrs. Mooreman.. "I am leaving town for one of my lecture tours, and your phone has been so busy that I have been unable to get you.

What a discerning mind you have! A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

A good laugh sometimes is so refreshing. My Sunday school work and mission study talks frequently leave me very weary. So I am taking the little book of fun with me to refresh my mind".

"Another blunder", thought Mrs. Ellett," surely there is nothing more. Fortunately I sent all the other gifts myself".

But the end was not yet. As she passed Mrs. Jennings house, her friend called her. Mrs. Ellett was amazed because the disagreement at the D. A. R. meeting had rankled.

"Gertrude, you are the sweetest woman I ever saw. I could have cried when your lovely little gift came. I know I was cross and disagreeable at the Club but I was dead tired. I attempted so much this year that Christmas was simply a burden. I had just said to my husband that I wished Christmas came every five years instead of annually.

But when your gift and sweet card came I felt ashamed of myself".

"We do attempt too much I am sure. "I am just worn out myself. So many packages to wrap and tie up and hundreds of cards to send. Then I am always afraid I may overlook some one I should remember. The joy of Christmas should not be quenched by such enormous amount of work. But let me tell you about our approaching weddings".

"Oh, really! I am always so interested in anything concerning you and yours. Claire and Jimmy Brent I suppose?"

"Yes, that and more too. Frencesca and Frank Fenton".

"What, your brother Frank"?

"He is only a step brother you know, no blood kin at all. He and Francesca are so congenial they seem made for each other. I wonder I did not guess it before I was told".

"Weddings call for congratulations and these are eminently suitable, but I do not envy you your two big weddings these hard times".

"But they will not be big weddings. Just simple ceremonies at the church. Not even invitations, all friends expected. Francesca is so retiring, not to say timid, that this plan suits her perfectly.

But it is something of a sacrifice for Claire, but she says the burden of parties and presents for two brides at once would be too hard on our friends. Then consideration for their fathers pocketbook influences the girls. Fred says two big weddings during the depression would simply ruin him".

"But surely the depression will not last" said Mrs. Jennings. "Of course not", was the answer "there have been many other panics and America always comes out on top. But Fred fears we may have hard times for two or three years. But he believes courage and confidence should and will be maintained. He says our morale should be an armor. That we should not allow the things that depress us to posess us and abcess us".

"The men who get married now are rather brave I think".

Mrs. Ellett laughed, "so Fred says, but Frank has quite a comfortable fortune, so he and Francesca expect to go abroad for a year or two. Frank says his office is under his hat anyhow. Perhaps he will write a book or two, and Francesca will haunt the art galleries. Jimmy only has his commissions, but he is a tobacco salesman, and he says people will stick to their luxeries even when they give up necessities. January is famous for half price sales, and the girls think it will be fun to shop in bargain basements. I always did say it took more brains to make one new dress out of two old ones than to simply sign a check".

* * * *

"Just think this is December 25, 1933, said Mrs. Ellett. Four years since you girls mixed up my packages so thoroughly. Who could have dreamed the depression would last so long?"

Well, I am thankful our troubles are only financial. It is Christmas enough for me that you and Francesca are home again Frank. The idea of staying away four years! But I am so proud of your new book and of Francesca's illustrations. Your friends said for years that you would be famous if you were not rich. You frittered away your talent in amateurish dilantante ways".

"Your compliment has rather a sting to it Sister-Mother", he answered.

"If poverty is necessary to literary success, I am elected. My stocks and bonds have melted like snow in the sunshine."

"Fortunately the book was published in England and is doing rather well".

Francesca gave Baby Christine an ecstatic hug "Just think darling, Auntie did not see you until you were almost a year old". Queer how the children come at Christmas." Claire answered, "Genevieve might have named her boy Christopher, but she did not, so when this little lady arrived Christmas morning I decided to give her a name typical of the day".

"Foolish little niece and nephew", Francesca smiled, "you will always have Christmas and birthday presents and parties condensed".

"Wise children, I say", commented Jimmy. "They were hard time babies and economy is in their bones. At least we did not name them Depression. A negro girl out here in Buzzards Roost is called that.

Then the story goes that the neighbors across the road decided to improve on that. Rather more than a year ago a boy was born that they named Hard Times, last week twins arrived to the same couple and the parents call them Wuss and Wusser."

"Come now, Jim", laughed Frank, " that is too much".

"I do not vouch for it, but Blue Sam, the porter at the cigar store, declares it a fact". Then he continued.

"It is amazing how little it takes to make negroes happy. The Community Chest and Salvation Army feed and clothe them. Many of the children wear garments made of tow sacks and old flour bags. They pay no rent and demolish the vacant

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The Story of My Boyhood Days

GENERAL C. A. DeSAUSSURE

Part VIII

Sports (continued)

SWIMMING was a favorite sport—a few families had bathing houses on "the bay" but this was considered very "Molly Coddle" by the boys, because they had to wear bathing suits.

Pigeon Creek emptied into Beauford River about a mile back of the town. It was nearly 100 feet wide with a steep firm bank sandy on top of one bank and with soft marsh on the other. It was overhead deep at low tide and at least 15 feet at high tide. When the tide suited, everyone went to Pigeon Creek and went swimming. Here again the bigger boys were responsible for and looked after the little fellows and saw that they did not get into danger. If a boy did not know how to swim he was allowed to undress and then the big boys grabbed him and threw him in. He sank and rose and gasped and gurgled and drank salt water, but paddled desperately withal. The big boys watched him and never let him get beyond what was judicious and when the time came, jumped in and brought him out, and shook the water out of him, and comforted him and coaxed him in again or made him promise to come again the next day, and learn. It was no time before he got along alright. The big boys did this because they did not want young ones who did not know how to swim bothering them. Some of the small boys learned to be the best swimmers.

There were a good many games and friendly scraps in the water with ducking etc. A great stunt was to see a boy swimming quietly along and to sink and swim under the water and catch hold of him and pull him below, unexpectedly and make him swallow salt water. Brought up away from immediate proximity to water at Wooodstock and McPhersonville, I did not know how to swim when I went to Beaufort and the big boys taught me by the process named above.

Boating a Favorite Recreation

Although everybody had their carriages and some of the younger men had fine and fast horses yet horses cut very little figure in the recreation of the young people. From young to old it was boats, boats, boats of every size, kind, built and rig. About everyone had a "Cunoo" as the negroes called them. Canoes for use of the servents in getting oysters, cutting marsh hay, fishing etc. Those were by no means the tricky dougouts we see now, but well shaped stable boats made from one cypress log. Most boys had their own boats, either "Bristol Built" that is with the strakes butt-jointed or "Clinker Built" that is with the strakes overlapping like weather boarding—each style having its advocates and staunch supporters. These were 16 to 18 foot boats which the boys rigged themselves with more or less proficiency and efficiency according to their talents.

They kept them in good shape with oars and sails. The gentlemen had their own boats from 30 to 40 feet in length, and some of them were beauties and fitted up to the last degree with brass and zinc and kept in boat houses and shined and painted to perfection. They were rigged according to the tastes and fancy of their owners as sloops or schooners and occasionally a catboat. There were frequent regattas, run under rules with prizes—but every evening when the tide suited and especially when the moon shone, the harbor was full of these sailing boats, racing and manoeuvering with big parties of girls and boys aboard, having a merry time and their laughter and songs would come floating over the water. Some of these boats were very fast and had more than a local reputation and went to Charleston and Savannah to compete in regattas. One I remember, belonged to Mr. Robert Means. A large full hull with a cloud of canvass, kept like a parlor and very roomy and comfortable but not extra fast.

Mr. Tom Elliott had two, one a rather small keen boat, sloop rigged, very crunky but with what was considered oversuited with canvass, but fast as a racer. She was so heavily canvassed and so keen that he used to have his oars stuck under the thwarts and his negro boatman way out on the oars to keep the trim if he sailed on a fresh side wind.

John Rhodes who had a shipyard also had a good boat. But the gem of the fleet was a 40 foot boat built with his own hands after his own model by Ste. Elliott—"The Ariel." Her lines were such that she was at the same time good looking, roomy and staunch and could carry enough sail to take the lead over anything in the harbor whenever she chose. I have often sailed in her, and had once

the proud trust of the charge of the main jib sheet. We had only the canoe for Strephon's work. Brother Louis died soon after we moved to Beaufort. Father was too sedate, and went too often to the plantation to take much interest in boats. He was going to buy a boy's boat for me,—but War came on before the next summer.

I remember the interest in all of the boys going down to the wharf to see the steamer come in from Charleston and Savannah on her trips twice a week especially to the ice ships from that indefinite region referred to as "The North". There were no ice machines in those days.

The town supply was brought down from "The North" in ships and stored in a big ice house all of which was the enterprise of a set of stockholders who subscribed so much each fall and who got ice books and cupons. Alfred used to go every morning to the ice-house with a coupon and a blanket and return with a big block of ice wrapped up in the blanket and balanced on his head—his hands by his side. The negroes carried everything on their heads.

Bay Point, a Summer Resort

A few miles below the town Beaufort River is joined by Broad River. The two unite toward the sea to make a Sound, a broad deep estuary that would float the navies of the world, five miles across the mouth; on the North Cape on St. Helena Island was Bay Point; across was Hilton Head on an Island of that name. This was ten miles from the town of Beaufort.

At Bay Point most everybody had summer homes —mere shells of houses on three foot posts above the sand and everybody spent the heated months there. A bay, back of the narrow sand spit gave shelter to boats. The horses, cows, stoves, provisions and cooks and other servants were sent down days before on "flats" broad flat bottom boats rowed by from two to six negroes, and afterwards the family came down in sail boats. Some families pitched large tents with curtain partitions, and smaller tents as a dining room, kitchen servants quarters etc.

This life was lived *al fresco—free, easy, luxurious, abundnance of everything—visiting, lounging, smoking.*

Most days some five to ten boats would go out to favorite fishing grounds or to the black fish banks and some come back with so much fish they could scarcely hold them.

The fishing was done in from 40 to 90 feet of water and with two or three or more hooks to a line when fishing for black fish. My hands have been raw and sore from pulling in the heavy tighly twisted lines over the side of the boat. Sometimes we fished off the beach standing in two feet of water and casting the heavy lines, sinker and hooks 200 feet out for trout and whiting. Bathing in the surf which came rolling in from 2000 miles of ocean on the beach which was 200 yards wide with a gentle slope, and sand as hard as a table top was frequently indulged in when the tide was right, but this was not looked upon with favor by the older folks because the waters were not free from sharks.

Sharks a Great Danger

There were many kinds of these sharks, not all of them dangerous. One of the harmless kind which used to spoil our sport on the blackfish banks was a shovel nose shark. The fish would be biting furiously and every line drawn up as fast as it was put down would have two and three big fish on its hooks. All of a sudden there would be not a bite and presently one of the party would say "I've got him and pull in with a four foot shovel-nose on his hook. Then all hands would help get him in and off the hook break his wide flat nose upwards and throw him overboard. It was funny to see him dive and in a few minutes come shooting out of the water into the air. His bent nose would shoot up out of the water and so he would go on until we lost sight of him in the distance.

When the big ships were laying in the harbor at anchor, or off the wharves, we boys would go aboard and coax the sailors to let us fish or sharks, which they hated and which were numerous around the wharves. A big shark hook with stem as big as a pencil was baited with a chunk of salt pork with ten feet of chain next to the hook, and the other end fastened to a stout rope; a small kit or keg was put on it as a "bob". It was not long before we would see the "bob" disappear—for a shark never nibbles but takes its food with a rush—Then a pull at the rope to see if he was securely hooked, then the rope reeved in through a block, and Mr. Shark was hauled bodily out of the water and on deck where he was dispatched with axes and his stomach explored. We generally found lot of miscellaneous things—glass bottles, pieces of wood, oyster shells and some pieces of old iron, old shoes etc., for the harbor shark is a scavenger.

The Glory of the Town

"The Beaufort Volunteer Artillery Company"

The glory of the town, especially of the boys was the Artillery Company. The full names was the "Beaufort Volunteer Artillery" and you must never pronounce it in a hurry and must give each syllable its full sound. It was an hereditary organization and has its written history and records since 1800 with tradition of service in the Revolutionary War.

Continued on page 40.

The Breckenridge Ghost

By CLAUDIA M. HAGY

"YOU say how you don't believe in no ghosts? Nor hants? Nor spirits—less they's labled? Well, sir, you just never can tell what a man believes in these days and times! I take it you ain't been in these parts before—Maybe you don't belong down here in old Virginia. Just a visitor? I thought so. That how come you don't know anything about these here ghosts what inhabit the first buildin's and puts up at the Taverns down here. There is some who say that Virginia is the fullest state of ghosts there is. Just loved it so they can't stay put away like folks can in other places.

When the first spade of old Virginia soil is spread above their haid their spirits just rise right up and never go back to the old shell no more. When the moon gets big and bright and the shadows are black and deep, that is the time you can see them a comin' out the grave yards, or visitin' round about the places they knowed when they was young or lived at, long ago.

The best known ghost in these parts of Botetourt County is that of old Colonel Brackenridge. Hundreds of folks has seen him a riding' about on his big black horse, again' over to the court house er lookin' after his plantation. Fore the Tavern he used to own was torn down, folks would see him in the doorway or settin' on the porch smokin' his long pipe. After the old house was gone he took up at the mill and you can see him on moonlight nights countin' sacks corn and loadin' up the wagon or flailin' flax. Not that he did much when he was a young man, no, suh; he had plenty niggers to work for him, but seems now like he's lonesome less'n he's at work.

How'd we know it is Colonel Brackenridge ghost when he done been dead more'n a hundred years? The way I knowd him was by his picture. Some great artist man come down from the city and stayed here and painted the Colonel's and Mrs. Colonel's pictures to pay his board with and I seen 'em lots of times and he is sure just like he looked then except his face is white and kinder pitiful most the time, like he don't rest none. He ain't been happy where he was, poor soul. You see the Colonel was just naturally a born leader and he warn't satisfied unless he was doin' things and kinder headin' the crowd. The Colonel just helped to make this very country what it is now. He was one of the first comers. He and Mr. Woods and some others. His house was among the first ever built in Botetourt County. I have heard the story more times than enough and folks likes to tell it over and over.

It was in 1770 that the Colonel called the men around about to his house and they all held court there. Some of the folks was Andrew Lewis, Israel Christian, John Boyer, Richard Wood and every one of them was big men I tell you, and signed themselves 'gentlemen' and spoke of the Honorable Governor of the Commonwealth as if he was one of their nearest acquaintances.

When they all got together, they read a paper from the Governor about formin' the country an' they swore each other in to keep the peace and manage the affairs, and' Suh, they say they sure did that thing, for they was all under oath as gentlemen and old Colonel Brackenridge was the ring leader in hit all.

Then the next thing that happened, the Governor he up and appointed Mr. Brackenridge, gentleman, Lieutenant Colonel of the Militia and that's where he got his title, yes suh, and he was a Colonel tell he died. Yes, I know the Revolution had never been fought then, but the Indians kept the folks pretty busy them days, I recken. I heard he got a big company of men and drilled them hard and they always ready to protect their homes and property.

You thought he built the court house at Fincastle, the first one that was? He did, I's comin' to that fast as I can.

It was in May, 1770 that the court met at the Colonel's house and there was a heap of gentlemen present, cause Botetourt County was a heap bigger than hit is now. It runned away west, and north and south and I don't know whar all hit went, but the folks come to court for miles and miles from the settlements on New River and Reedy and Stallnakers place, and Kittering's Mill and Catawba and I don't know where all. That day they decided to take some of the land Mr. Israel Christian give them, about two and half acres, for the court house and jail and the survevors were directed to lay off the rest of the land he give, about thirty-five acres, and divide it into lots to sell for to get money for the county to run on for a while, and to build the court house with. Colonel Brackenridge was the head man to pint out whar the court house and jail was to stand. He planned

it all too, just how it was to be built. It was a big log house. It was twenty feet long and twenty feet wide and a chimney at each end. It had two small rooms or sheds like for the jury rooms. A clapboard roof and pegleg benches to set on. Then the court asked Mr. Jim McGaffick to build the prison house and he built that back of the court house and he built one about twenty feet by sixteen feet and a Goaler's house the same size adjoinin' it. When hit was finished up, they had to tax the folks in the county to pay for it all and so they taxed the flax and taxed the niggers, and taxed the Tavern keepers for selling strong drink. There was so many folks came to court and some times they had to stay for days attendin' to business, so Colonel Brackenridge he applied for licence to keep a Tavern and serve wine and brandy at his home. Some do say that he kept the cellar, the tap room, the bar and every fireplace closet in the house stacked with the finest maderia, claret, sherry,, teneriff, canary, french brandy and rum, gin and malts—was that you smacked your mouth? Any left? No Suh, 'they ain't even a ghost of that wine ever come back to these parts of the country, I can tell you that for sartin—They do say that the Colonel was Master hand in the art of makin' Bumbo and mint julip and eggnog, but that he always drinked his liquor straight and liked his own apple jack and peach brandy better than any foreign brands. He had a big still, the boys used to get pretty rowdy some times and him and Col. Woods and Col. Lewis would try the slaves in the courts for not havin' the fear of God before his eyes and for bein' moved and seduced by the Devil.

Colonel Brackenridge got along fine with most everybody, though until hit came to Swaney.

Swaney was one of the best workman and one of the strongest niggers the Colonel had. He could lift anything. They do say as how he could hist a barrel of rum on to his shoulder and run to the tap room with hit. He could pull as much as a horse and pick the banjo and rattle the bones and clog dance! They tell me that nigger's feet had wings on the heels, he cut such a caper when the music begin. But he was that there tricky! Kept the Colonel after him the better part of the time. Then the trouble begun.

It was about Cristmas time, or a little before that when court met and three or four men who lived near brought Swaney to trial before the court. One said as how he had stole a gun from him and tother said the same thing and still a third man had lost a gun and found it in Swaney's cabin. That wasn't all, for he had a shote, and a harp, and the Lord knows what all.

Swaney just up and confessed that he'd stole the guns and that he had nothin' to say. Old Colonel Brackenridge was a settin' there when they passed sentence on Swaney and said that he must be hanged by the neck until he was dead and sets Saturday, December 22, at nine o'clock for the hangin'. Of course hit was against the law for a slave to have a gun except to hunt with when the master saw fit and the Colonel had sworn to abide by the law and to keep peace. Big tears rolled down his face when the jury brought in the verdict and at last he got up and went over to Swaney and shook him by the hand and walked out the court house. Folks said that he was never the same after that. He sure thought a heap of that trifin' nigger.

Ghost story, you say, not gettin' to that? well yes, I is kin'er slow, but I has to lay the back ground of the story so to speak and fill in. First time I seen the Colonel's ghost, that Smaney was right along with him.

It was Christmas eve night about thirty years ago and I had been down at Mr. Miles Jeams place to a little shindig and was comin' home. It was a beautiful night. The moon was so bright that it looked like day, and every thing was covered over with a slight skift of snow that turned to silver every bush and tree.

I had had a little drink or two and was feelin' pretty good and nothin' at all on my mind, and when I got opposite where the Tavern stood. I looked over in a cleared place and just as plain as could be with a group of folks. Two was a playin' one on banjo and the other on a fiddle, only there was not a sound comin' though their hands was just a flyin'. Gathered all about was a bunch of folks clappin' and a laughin' and rockin' to and fro. Right in the middle of the circle was that Nigger Swaney sure as I am alive, a dancin' to beat kindon come. A cutin' the pigon wing and a buck jumpin' and a back steppin' and a double shufflin' and there was Colonel Brankenridge laughin' and stompin' with his cane and rockin' back and forth just like he was settin' in a cheer but there wern't no cheer thar at all. The spooky part of the whole thing was that there wern't a sound All so still I could hear my heart beatin' like a hammer on an anvil.

Well, sir, I just naturally lit out and I could of showed any one how to run a race that night. When I reached home I fell in the door and fainted plum away and my folks had a time bringin' me too. Every body just laughed when I tell them what I seen and said it was the mean liquor I got at the Jeame's place.

The next time I seen the old Colonel though there was two fellows along with me and they seen him too. That was the night we came near drown-

din' in the river and if it hadn't been for the Colonel, I would not be settin' here drivin' you around in this jitney, today.

Some drummer folks lit in here and was stayin' at the Hotel when a rainy spell struck them and the roads just got mud to the hubs in no time at all. They was workin' the merchants around about here so they got me to take 'em in a hack an their sample trunks over across the river to where they was goin'. I did'nt want to do it much, I know how bad the road was, and danger from high water. I argued, but they was determined and offered me twice what I asked to make the trip, so we lit out. All day we plodded through rain and mud with them big trunks holding the back end of the hack down so it was mean pullin' for the horses sure.

I felt so sorry for them animals that I could hav' bust out cryin'. Comin' home it got dark on us and we could hardly see the road. None of us had had no dinner 'cept the horses and a bite of cracker and cheese for the rest of us. When we got to Catawba Creek I tell you it was a boomin'. I stopped and drew in the horses for a breathin' spell and I sez to them two white men, 'I'll go in if you say so I ain't afraid of nothin' I ain't, but if you all don't come out, don't you blame me for I done warned you. what you goin' to do?'

Well, they 'lowed as there was no place to stay all night and that if I was willin' to try it, they was, so we started in. Man, I knew it was deep, the way she looked, but I had no idea it was as bad as that. Why them horses reared and plunged and snorted like wild things. They went under and come up again'. The force of that water turned that hack about until we was headin' down the river. The trunks was so heavy they held the back end down and the horses could not make it alone, much less with all that weight on them. I hollored above the noise to them to push the trunks into the water, but they was plum' scared to death before they was drown and just sat there white and shiverin'. I saw I was not gettin' any help there so I wrapped the lines around me and climed out over the dash board onto the pole, a talkin' to them horses as I never talked to any thing in my life, beggin' and pleadin' with them poor dumb scared things and trying' to turn their heads up stream. I had just begun a pravin' and had got as far as 'O, Lord please help these poor', when I looked up and there on the other side of the stream not far away stood a man with a lantern in his hand a swin' it to, and fro, and motionin' like for me to come on over. He was tall and had white whiskers that blew about his face and he had a long cane in his hand. He kept swinin' the light for me to cross by and I turned them horses toward him and I felt the hack hit gravel and I knew whar we was. It was the old ford which had gotten so rocky that no one used any more. We finally pulled out after what seemed hours to me and when the horses feet was firm on land again' I looked about for the man to thank him and he was gone. All of us had seen him and then it come to me that it was the Ole' Colonel a helpin' me over the river just like he used to do when his stages was a comin' in and the water was high. He sure saved them drummers that night, though that did not count for much, but he saved them horses and that was somethin'.

It come Cristmas again and that was the last time I seen the Colonel. It was a bad December and things was mighty scarce. Feed was short for our old cow and wood was low and I had no job nor nothin'. We would have starved I' spect if it had not been for the charities which give us food. It was Christmas Eve and I went down to Mister Edward's place knowin' they had killed a few hogs and sure 'nough, I got some sausage and pig feet give me and a poke of corn meal and when I started home Mister Edwards give me a drink of cider. I took right much for I like cider and the jug was full. Comin' home I got to thinkin' about the old cow. There me and my wife had Christmas in a bag and she had nothin' cept her cud for Christmas day, that I knowed of. I rememberer that over in the old mill was a lot of fodder and hay stored and I just reckoned I could carry a bundle of fodder along with the bag. I went over and pulled at the door, it was not locked and I went in and set my bag on the floor. The moon was bright and the snow on the ground made it light as day. A ladder sat there and up I climbed to get the fodder. I got about half way up when I saw a man standin' at the top right where I had to step off that ladder. He said nothin' and neither did I for I was plumb scared. I took another step up and I saw it was the old Colonel. He had on a long black coat and his whiskers blew about his face and he had a staff in his hand. I wasn't goin' past the Colonel on a ladder for no cow and I started to go back, but I was in such a hurry that I slipped and I never knew any thing more for weeks and weeks. When I came to, my ole woman told me that they found me lyin' on the floor of the mill next day almost froze. I had a bunch of gunny sacks grabbed in my hands and they had to prize my fingers apart to get them loose. That I was covered with the worst coat of spider-webs she ever saw and guessed that they was what did keep me from freezin' to death. I was sick all winter and folks came from every where and brought me things to eat and stuff for the ole cow. I never told any one yet, cept you, what happened that night and I aint ever goin' to.

Continued on page 44.

A GREAT PERSONALITY

Mary Mildred Hammond

(Mrs. Arlington Sydney Sullivan)

THE accurate and sympathetic portrayal of personal character, as distinguished from a narrative of things accomplished by some one is so difficult and so rare that, when one finds it, relating to one so beloved and revered by many—and deservedly so—as the life of Mary Mildred Sullivan, it should be recorded.

Nearly a century ago on November 3, 1836 the subject of this sketch was born—joyously welcomed by loving parents, the first child of George Hammond, and Sarah Ann Taylor Hammond, at "Happy Retreat", Charles Town, Jefferson county, Virginia, (now West Virginia).

Her happy childhood was saddened early in life by the death of her mother, when she was ten years of age. She was reared by her Aunt Mrs. Bushrod Taylor, a woman of strong character and lovable disposition.

Mildred attended the school of Mrs. William Brent at Winchester Va. on Ambler Hill, this house stands in its rugged simplicity, undisturbed by the progress of time, or the growth of Winchester. She soon began to assume a leadership for which her magnetic personality and strong character so ably fitted her for the years to come.

In 1855 she finished school, "a grown-up young lady" attended by the customary parties of the time

At this time her father's business interest carried him to New York upon frequent trips, and upon one of these trips he took "Mollie" as he lovingly called her, to pay her first visit to the great Metropolis.

In the fall of the same year she visited, following her trip to New York, in Cincinnati, Ohio. While there she met her future husband, Mr. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, a native of Madison, Indiana whose Scotch and Irish forebears, had first settled in Virginia.

It was a whirlwind courtship, which terminated in marriage a few months after, on December 13, 1855 at Aspen Hill the home of Mrs. Taylor in Winchester.

To quote Mildred's younger sister Harriet Hammond: "It was Queen's Weather, and long to be remembered as a typical Virginia wedding. The house of dearest memories was full to overflowing with wedding guests from near and far, and when the happy couple left it was in a shower, not of rice, but of flowers from the borders and garden of the old home."

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan traveled at once to Cin-

MRS. ARLINGTON SIDNEY SULLIVAN

cinnati, where they remained for two years. Early in 1856 the entire country especially the new States of the Northwest, were thrown into a great financial depression; unsettled political relations between the North and the South became very tense.

The outcome of this financial disaster finally induced Mr. Sullivan to avail himself of the greater and more numerous opportunties which existed in the City of New York. Thither they removed early in May 1857.

Mr. Sullivan, having been admitted to the New York Bar Association was at this time bending all his energies upon establishing a private practice. He made many prominent business connections and interested himself in civic and political affairs of the day.

In November 1859, at a time of National unrest and general concern, was born their only son—George Hammond Sullivan. The joy of his advent went hand in hand with the greatest anxiety and uneasiness of the times. Repeated agitation of the differences in the political and economical theories of the North and the South were fast coming to a head. Amicable settlements were becoming more and more remote and Mrs. Sullivan saw the shadow of calamity already spreading over her beloved land and her people. With brave heart she faced these unmistakable signs, devoting her time to her baby and going through the days with cheerful optismism she did not feel, in order that her husband might have no greater drain upon his already harrassed spirit.

Hardly had they settled in their own home when the war broke, and the events which closely followed might well have crushed others than this youthful matron, who was called upon at every turn to face some new demand upon her loyalty and courage, and to crowd her sympathies and her aching heart in the background.

Soon after the outbreak of the war her husband was arrested, charged with disloyalty to the Federal Government and placed in the prison at Fort Lafayette. Now, if ever, this young wife must draw upon the strength of her early training. Her noble spirit met this trial unflinchingly. It was indeed a dauntless spirit that carried Mrs. Sullivan through the trials that daily increased her burdens: her heart ached for her loved ones in Virginia so many of them existing she knew not how. Two brothers in the Confederate Army, her husband in a Northern prison, with no definite prospect of release! Prayerfully she sought the strength each new day demanded.

The unfortunate suspicion of her husband's loyalty to the Government did, however greatly increase the difficulties to be faced by his wife. Mrs. Sullivan was known to have the closest ties with the South, and she often found herself in positions requiring extreme tact and self control. No one realized this more fully than she did. Her great desire to give assistance to her stricken people and to the Confederate prisoners which she was determind to do only with the assent of the Federal Government entailed both hardship and self-denial, and required an unlimited amount of patience and perseverence.

Together with several other Southern ladies she was allowed to give her service in establishing a soup kitchen at the Government Hospital on David Island, in Long Island Sound, where the Confederate prisoners were confined. This work was continued until the permits were confiscated. It always amused Mrs. Sullivan to have been told that permission to engage in this humanitarian labor was revoked because she "was a dangerous woman". Her beauty and gentleness scarcely gave the impression that such a quality lurked beneath her calm exterior. "Dangerous" perhaps, because of her indomitable courage and keeness of intellect.

Deprived of the privilege of visiting at David's Island, Mrs. Sullivan did what she could by corresponding with the Southern soldiers confined in Northern prisons, sending them from time to time small sums of money which indeed, she could so ill afford to spare.

The War was over. However Mrs. Sullivan was filled with sadness, for she knew of the suffering of her people and the horrors of the disolation that lay upon her Southland.

So determined was she to help her people, that she set about raising a fund for the women and children of the South. This was accomplished through the organization of the "New York Ladies Southern Relief Society" whose ultimate efforts amounted to the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and the skillful handling of its disbursements.

At this period of reconstruction and readjustment there arrived in New York the beginning of a stream of young men who, driven by the revolutionary changes in their native enviroment immediately after the War Between the States were forced to seek elsewhere, opportunitis denied them by the vitiated economic conditions existing south of the Mason-Dixon Line, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan realized that these young Southerners were in New York as total strangers far from home influence, and that they were traveling a path lined with obstacles. The Sullivans began to invite them to their home informally and the Sunday night suppers became a recognized institution to which all came

and were welcomed with a waiting invitation.

It was, then, a natural sequence that these young Southerners turned to Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan for their ever-ready advice and cooperation whenever any social or charitable movement was under consideration. One of the first instances was the now existing New York Southern Society of which Mr. Sullivan was the first President.

In 1866 Mrs. Sullivan entered upon her work as a member of the Board of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and served this organization and the Infant Asylum after the merger of the two institutions for more than seventy-five years.

The most notable of her efforts for the support of the Nursery and Child's Hospital was the re-establishment of the Charity Ball. This had begun in 1858 and at once had become the social feature of the city, and was a great financial success until the early eighties when the committee was dissolved. Mrs. Sullivan thought it a mistake to cease this custom and urgently recommended its continuance. Her advice was accepted provided that she, herself, would undertake its management. She undertook this stupendous task which was crowned with success for many years, when she retired from active service at the age of seventy eight.

What seemed to Mrs. Sullivan the end of all hopes and aspirations came in the crushing blow of Mr. Sullivan's death in 1887 after a few days illness. Weighted down by the sense of her loss, it was only through strength of a disciplined will which carried her through the lonely days that followed her bereavement. Mrs. Sullivan never relaxed in her enthusiasm and active service in the Nursery and Childs Hospital. In spite of her own heavy burden of anxiety she continued her charitable activies. Her keen sensibilities were ever attune to the needs of others; never did the shadow of personal adversity abscure the suffering around her.

* * * *

In 1905 when Mrs. Sullivan was nearing seventy years of age, she was approached by Mrs. Martha Sawyer Gielow, Founder of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, an educational work in the sparcely-settled mountain districts of the Southern States for aid in establishing a branch of the Association in New York.

She replied "I am old, and tired, very tired, but if my Southland needs me, I am at her service." She was chosen President of this Auxiliary, and was an inspiration to every worker in the Mountain Cause.

* * * *

It needs no explanation, that when a new chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formed the second one to be organized in New York—that Mrs. Sullivan was asked to become its first President, and that her name should be chosen as its own. She readily accepted, and through her continued interest used it as a vehicle through which to make contributions and endownments to further educational and benevolent projects of the general work. A few years later she was elected as an Honorary President of the General Society.

* * * *

When the Great War with its turmoil, its confusion, its panic burst over the world, New York was in the whirlpool of excitement that overwhelmed the populace. To Mrs. Sullivan, her vivid memories graphically recalled the devastation and desolation coincident with another war; the ravages of disease, of want, of degradation that followed in its path. So sympathetic was Mrs. Sullivan that she sought every centre and gave generously of her time, her strength and her means.

On the 6th of April, 1917, the day that the United States severed her relations with Germany, it happened that the Mary Mildrd Sullivan Chapter U. D. C. was meeting at the residence of Mrs. Sullivan. Every member responded to the splendid address that Mrs. Sullivan made urging that the chapter offer its services to the Government.

The Response was instantaneous and unanimous and a telegram was sent to President Wilson and the offer was promptly accepted.

The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter was small and the newest body of Southern women in New York. Mrs. Sullivan realized that a larger body of women could accomplish a greater volume of work, than several small ones variously scattered This broader plan was dicussed and a call sent out to all Southern women in the city: in a few days an organization of over five hundred women was established. Mrs. Sullivan was elected as the Honorary President and given title of "Founder".

As head of this organization she never failed to pay a daily visit to headquarters of the Southern Women's Patriotic committee advising encouraging, inspiring; quietly and unostentatiously providing materials and soliciting help in interest of her friends.

That Mrs.. Sullivan could at the age of eighty-two join actively in strenuous labor and successfully continued her leadership, required consistent and exhausting effort. She continued to lead and guide until after the Armistice was signed.

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Mrs. Sullivan sustained a fall during the winter of 1923 which made her an invalid for the rest of her life. During the years that kept her a "shut-in" her interest never lagged, and she spent hours

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BOOK REVIEWS

CATECHISM ON THE HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA—arranged for Children of the Confederacy, By Decca Lamar West, Reviewed by Katie Daffan

Decca Lamar West is a poet and a patriot Her talented pen has recorded many glowing pages, which redound to the honor and the glory of the South, in that she writes the truth accurately and fearlessly. Her Catechism is an excellent compendium of study for the Children of the Confederacy Chapters, and adult chapters will receive instruction and inspiration from its clear, direct presentation of the Truth of History.

The author dedicates the book jointly to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (former President of the Texas Division U. D. C. and a former President-General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy) and to her mother, Mrs. John C. West (Mary E. Stark of South Carolina) first Historian of the Texas Division U. D. C.

Mrs. Oscar Barthold (Regent of the Texas Room in the Confederate Museum, Richmond Virginia and a former President of the Texas Division) in a Foreword in the Catechism writes:—"This Catechism contains the foundation principles of Constitutional Government through Federal Union—and States Authonomy fought during the War between the States."

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, formerly Historian-General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes in an Endorsement of the Catechism:—Its statements are concise, yet cover all points. The list of references is valuable for further study.

Mrs. W. W. Turner, President of the Texas Division, in the Presentation of the Catechism writes::—"We commend the Catechism to every Chapter Historian as helpful in interesting the member who has not time to devote to research This volume will be of untold value to every Southern mother and father for quick results when inquiring young minds ask pertinent questions that tax the memory."

The Questions and Answers contained in the Catechism cover a broad area of civil, military and constitutional history. They also include biography, literature and historical location. Each answer is complete within itself, and no answer is too long.

Separate lists of Questions give information concerning:—The Seal of the Confederacy, "Mason and Dixon Line", and Confederate Heroes selected by Southern States for Stone Mountain Memorial.

Addenda gives, in Questions and Answers, the historical conception, the object, the purposes, and accomplishments of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Days of Observance includes a list of days of historical significance.

Biography presents the absolutely reliable references which the Author has consulted in the preparation of her book. The beauty and interest of the book are greatly enhanced by the following excellent historical pictures: State Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama, Stratford Hall, Birthplace of General Robert E. Lee, Official seal of The Confederate States of America and the White House of the Confederacy, (1861-65) Richmond, Virginia.

The Author appropriately concludes her book with three verses of the matchless poem "Our Southland" of which Miss Adelia A. Dunavant, formerly President of the Texas Division U. D. C., is Author.

All who love the South and who desire the Truth of the South's history, will be charmed with this thoroughly written book, so definite, so informative, and at the same time so interesting. The book will make many friends ,and it will be welcomed into private libraries, public libraries, and chapter libraries.

Decca Lamar West, formerly Poet Laureate of the Texas Division U. D. C. is held in high esteem and affectionate regard by thousands of loyal loving friends, who value her many superior gifts of heart and intellect.

R. E. LEE—By Dr. Douglas Solthall Freeman, —Scribner's. A new and comprehensive, probably definitive, life of the great Southern commander comes at a fitting time. American history is in process of being revalued, and historians cannot evade the fact that the rise of industrialism over ruins of the old agricultural system for which the South stood wears a very different look, now that industrialism lies prostrate in the dust.

The author's research has been conducted without regard for the expenditure of time and energy; his aim has been to gather all available material, and the receptacles of Lee letters the country over have been ransacked. The result is the emergence of a new Lee. We have thought of him too

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Highlights from the Report of the President-General, Mrs. William E. Massey

To The

Forty-first Annual Convention, U. D. C.

New York City, November 20th-28th

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

"Soon we will all be following the Christmas star over which none ever takes precedence; however, I am reminded that the emblem of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is also a star, and on its five points are written these words: 'Think, Live, Dare, Love, Pray.' Soon we will be offering humanity our gifts of self and service as the Magi long ago brought their gifts of gold, frankinscence and myrrh, and as we do, let us remember to offer to our organization, also our best thought as represented by our emblem. Let us "Make no little plans, there is no magic in them to stir men's souls" Let your beacon be loyalty and your watchword ON."

* * * *

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy is not sectional. It is a great patrotic organization, and although it came into being at a time when the Confederate soldier, broken in health and fortune, needed the ministering hands of women, and the cause for which he gave all, needed its history and tradition spoken boldly in the halls of the federation of mankind, it has grown to be unlimited in scope and influence and the sixty thousand member in more than a thousand chapters, representing all but twelve of the forty-eight States of the Union and one in Paris, France, present themselves wherever the American flag is flown, with a program of Americanism and practical patriotism equalled by few and surpassed by no other organization of women."

* * * *

"The Business Office claims our attention among the Firsts of our reconstruction plans. Had I no other achievement to report for the past year, this one item would, I think, make the work of this administration worth while. Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Chairman of the Business Office Committee has for some years (since 1926) given this her best thought and has assisted in the organizing of this newly established and highly successful venture."

* * * *

"We enjoy the greatest generosity that was ever offered to any organization, that is the privilege of using the pages of the Southern Magazine for publicity for all departments of our work and a monthly message from the President General without any obligation or financial responsibility. Previously I have made this statement that if no other achievement was reported except the establishment of the business office, the labor of the past year would be worthwhile. I now enlarge this statement to include the publication of the Southern Magazine. Both are equally valuable in the transaction of the work of this organization."

* * * *

"Every memorial prize is a perpetuation of history. The prize offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a pair of binoculars, in honor of Matthew Fontaine Maury, to the midshipman making the highest standing in Phisics was awarded to Midshipman Dale Farnsworth Pinkerton, third class, Denver, Colorado.

A similar presentation is made at West Point Military Academy to the Cadet who wins the highest honor in mathematics. This prize is given in honor of General Robert E. Lee who was Superintendent at West Point from September 1852, to March 1855. The Lee Memorial Sabre was presented to Cadet Robert Erlinkotter, Weehawken N. J. 1934, suitably engraved.

The Sabre bears the Lee Coat of Arms, and below the name of the winner. Below this is the "Stars and Bars" and the "Stars and Strips." In reply he says: "General Lee has been one of my ideals and I will always cherish the sabre. I hope that, in my future career as an officer in the United States Army, I will repay your most patrotic interest in the United States Military Academy."

"War Between the States"

Not "Civil War"

By MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON

Ex.Historian General, United Daughters of The Confederacy

AS The U. D. C. Committee on term "War Between the States", was dissolved at the Memphis Convention, 1932, with appreciation of its fine services since 1911, the Historian General was authorized to include this work in the History Department. Therefore I have prepared the facts, some being taken from the reports of the late Miss Mildred Rutherford and Miss Ida F. Powell, both of whom labored earnestly for the correct term of this war for Southern Independence.

A War was waged from 1861 to '65 between the United States of America and the Confederate States of America. These were the official titles of the contending parties.

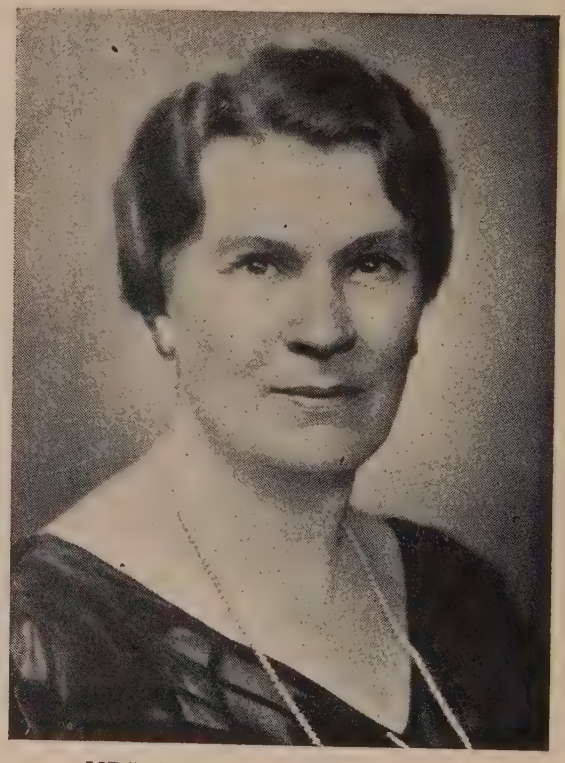
It was a War Between the States because twenty two non seceding states made war upon eleven seceding states to force them back into the Union of States. It was a war between two organized governments, the southern states fighting to repel invasion, to protect their rights as granted by the Constitution of the United States of America to each state which ratified that Constitution.

It was not a Civil War, as it was not fought between two parties within the same government as was the case of the Civil War in England.

It was not a War of Secession, for the Southern states seceded without a thought of war. The right of a State to secede had never been questioned. In 1833 John Quincy Adams of Mass. spoke of secession, which had been threatened by some northern as well as other states, in the following words: "Whenever the time comes for seceding it were better for the people of these Dis-united states to part in friendship from each othen than to be held together by restraint".

It was not a War Of Rebellion, for Sovereign, Independent States, co-equal, cannot rebel against each other. When the eleven cotton states seceded they set up an independent government of their own with no declaration nor intent of war. They did not fight to overthrow the Federal government, but to set up a government of their own.

The principles for which the southern states were standing had been definitely declared in the Constitutional Convention that framed the United States Constitution. Judge William Rowle of Penn. one of America's most able authorities on the Constitution, had defined his views of the U. S. Constitution", which text book was studied at West Point. We quote partly: "If the states are interfered with, they may wholly withdraw from the Union, and their secession depends on the will of their people. The Union was formed by voluntary agreement of states, and the Federal government would have no means of maintaining its claim against secession, either by force or by right".



MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON

Many authorities might be given to show the right of a state to decide its own destiny. However by the arbitrament of the sword and superior force, after the Surrender of 1865, Secession was decided to be unconstitutional.

We find a war time reference to the Conflict of 1861 to 65' in a case of the Supreme Court of the United States, Vol. 67 Page 673. The Court says:

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A Short Sketch of the New York Division United Daughters of the Confederacy

AS tap roots of tree life extending deep into the earth of their habitat cannot be healthily removed with that selfsame soil in which they have flourished, so humans nurtured on certain ideals contingent to definite localities must, even in alien residence carry with them the hopes, aspirations, opinions, devotions which have decidedly influence their mental outlook and spiritual growth.

Thus it was that a group of Southern women living in New York, but remembering the cherished dreams of their beloved birthland determined, by bonds of sisterhood to remain true to its traditions, its sorrows, its needs and its uplifts Therefore they met at the suggestion, and in the home of Mrs. Thomas R. Price in the year 1899, and the first chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of New York became a reality, and its enthusiastic work a continuation of effectual helpfulness.

The New York Chapter U. D. C. organized by Mesdames Thomas R. Price, Edwin S. Gaillard. N. H. Hurxthall and Paul Alexander was duly chartered and elected to its Presidency Mrs. Edwin S. Gaillard. She was followed in office by Mrs. W. W. Reed who in turn yielded the chair to Mrs. James Henry Parker the present incumbent.

As there could be no State Division with only one chapter their sphere of influence in the General Organization was necessarily limited. This condition was remedied when Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler acting for this special purpose, founded the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, Following it came the James Henry Parker Chapter.

The New York Division United Daughters of the Confederacy was assured and commenced to function. Later a movement was in progress to record the achievements of Matthew Fontaine Maury by enrolling his name for perpetuity in America's "Hall of Fame" at the New York Universary.

To further this goal, another Chapter "The Matthew Fontain Maury Chapter was organized by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

After the signal honor to the renowned hydrographer became *"un fait accomnli"* this chapter unanimously voted to change its name (Mrs. Schuyler alone dissenting) to the Lenora St. George Rogers Schuyler Chapter thereby expressing their loving appreciation and admiration for the founder, and Ex-President General U. D. C.

Still another chapter "The Raphael Semmes" has entered into this sphere of purposeful earnest effort.

Besides fulfilling every obligation of the General Organization, and although their memberships are comparatively small by comparision, the New York Division and their component chapters have a remarkable list of achievements to their credit Their activities include a number of educational endeavors with bestowals of coveted scholarships. The Division presented to the "Hall of Fame" a marble bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee thus emphasizing his enduring and National glory. They also secured by subscription, a fund to insure the perpetual care of the Confederate Veterans plot at Mt. Hope Cemetery, where each year a commemorative service is lovingly held by the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Outstanding Work of New York Chapters

The New York Chapter maintains many alluring scholarships contributed by artists and schools and also to these a University of North Carolina endownment in memory of the late Mrs. Augustus H. Jones, mother of Mrs. James Henry Parker.

And there is the Dr. James Henry Parker memorial endowment scholarship exercised by the chapter bearing that honored name.

A few of the benefactions of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter are as follows:

A wonderful collection of paintings, prints, antiques and autographs at the appraised value of $74.000 donated by the late Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, and Mr. George Hammond Sullivan have by way of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter entered into the cultural field of art in various museums and institutions of learning.

A ten thousand dollar gift from Mr. Bernard Baruch to Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler to be used as a University award in memory of his mother Mrs Simon Baruch and placed by the recipient in the exchecquer of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter for the above named purpose.

A six thousand five hundred dollars endowment known as the Theda Buford Phillips Hill Scholarship to the George Peabody College for Teachers.

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The Main Street of the South

ANNE V. MANN

MARKED HONOR PAID TO GENERAL WHEELER

"Fighting Joe" Wheeler was affectionately remembered when more than three hundred persons from North Alabama, Southern Tennessee and Mississippi gathered at "Home Sweet Home" the home of Miss Annie Wheeler daughter of the distinguished hero of two wars. The observance was in honor of General Wheeler's birthday and marked the sixth pilgrimage of the General Joseph Wheeler Memorial Association to Home Sweet Home located near Decatur Alabama, which was held for two fold purpose of paying homage to the gallant Confederate—Spanish American warrior and of commemorating the launching the Tennessee Valley Authority program in that section.

Many distinguished visitors were in attendance. Among these were Mrs. Kate Speake Penny, of Birmingham, vice president of the National League of Pen Women and General Charles A. DeSaussure of Memphis former commander of the United Confederate Veterans.

Miss Myra Hazard of Corinth, Mississippi vice-president of the association presided and an impressive program was carried out. W. M. Hall spoke on the TVA program and outlined the work to be accomplished. Capt. Spangler of Leighton told of the major battles of the War Between the States in which he was actively engaged. Miss Flora Durham descendant of General Wheeler reported on the proposed marker at a point on the Tennessee River where General Wheeler crossed the stream at a crucial time in one of his campaigns. After lunch was served a pilgrimage was made to the cenotaph in the beautiful grove at the Wheeler home.

General Wheeler is buried at the National Cemetery at Arlington.

GREATNESS, LAUDED BY FOLKS BACK HOME

Head man of all Baptist in the world. That's how the neighbors in Clay county North Carolina speak of Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas, since he was elected president of the Baptist World Alliance meeting in Berlin, Germany. They call him too, "C. L. Truett's boy George", and well they might for George was born in a crude farmhouse "over the ridge" on May 6, 1867. There wasn't much chance for schooling but what chance there was "Truett's boy George" took, and at the age of eighteen was far enough advanced to teach the children in his neighborhood. It wasn't so long through perseverance that he founded the high school at Miawasse, Georgia and was its principal for three years. Then he went to Texas.

According to the story he hadn't been there so long before he was elected financial secretary of Baylor University, which was burdened with debt. Somehow or other somebody had told somebody else, who told the trustees that there was a young fellow named Truett who has a way of getting people to do what he wants them to do and he lived up to his reputation, for a year or two later, owing to his efficiency the school was free from debt.

Not satisfied with this record Truett became a student at this universary and four years later was graduated with high honors. After serving as pastor of a church in East Waco for one year he accepted the call to the First Baptist church in Dallas when he was thirty years old. and he has held that pastorate without interruption for thirty seven years.

"Head Man of all the Baptists in the World. It just goes to prove that you can be what you want to be. All you have to do is to hitch your wagon to a star and you can make the grade.

WORLD ORGANIZATION HONORS SOUTHERN POET

Lovers of Edgar Allen Poe will learn with interest of the formation of the International Poe Society. The announcement of the new organization was made on October 7 the eighty fifth anniversary of the death of the gifted Southern Poet Edgar Allen Poe. M'lle Zuzanne D'Olivera Jaskowska of Paris, founder and president of the French Society *Les Awis D'Edgar Allen Poe* was present at the meeting. She characterized Poe as "a born aristocrat of the kingdom of letters". She also praised "the literary value and deep philosophy of the writer who was assasinated by his own contemperaries."

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The Confederate Scrap-Book

By MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

In the September number of this magazine is an article on the formation of the Children of the Confederacy and I want to make a contribution to the history of this movement, expanding the statement that there was a flourishing chapter in Louisville. I am sending you a copy of our articles of incorporation. When the life of this corporation expired, we did not extend it, as by that time this was an intergral part of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Of the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy

Know all men by these presents, that we, T. L. Burnett, H. W. Bruce, Basil W. Duke and Thomas D. Osborne have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of Kentucky, in accordance with Chapter 32. Kentucky Statutes.

1st. The name of said corporation shall be The E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy.

2nd. The principal place of business of said corporation shall be located and situated in Louisville, Kentucky.

3rd. The object of this corporation shall be to aid, protect, and care for ex-Confederates and their descendants, to encourage the establishment of a home for the poor and unfortunate veterans residing in this state; to ask and receive endowments for the purpose of establishing such a home to unite the children and the youth of this state in some work of love and charity for those who so valiantly and courageously responded to the call to arms, and fought for what they believed to be right; to interest the youth of the state in an impartial study of the Civil war and the heroism of the South's favored sons; to honor and perpuate the name of E. M. Bruce and his noble acts of charity and self sacrifice made for those he loved and the principles he honored.

This corporation shall have the power to organize chapters throughout the state of Kentucky, which chapters shall be entitled to all the privileges and subject to all the limitations of the constitution and by-laws of this chapter.

4th This corporation being purely mutual in its nature and having for its object no pecuniary profit, there shall be no capital stock.

5th. This Corporation shall begin business on November 1st. 1901, and shall continue for twenty-five years unless sooner dissolved by vote of two-thirds of its regularly enrolled members.

6th. The officers shall be:—a President General first, second and third Vice-President generals, Recording Secretary General, Corresponding Secretary General, Treasurer General, and Historian General, each of whom shall be elected on the first Tuesday in June, 1903, and on the first Tuesday in June each year thereafter, and until such elections, the following named persons shall serve as officers.

Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, founder of the organization—President-General.

Mrs. Basil W. Duke—First Vice-President Gen.

Mrs. T. L. Burnett—Second vice-president. General.

Mrs. H. W. Bruce—Third Vice President General.

Mrs. Charlotte Osborne Woodbury—Recording Secretary General.

Mrs. Thomas A. Barker—Treasure General.

Mrs. Reginald H. Thompson—Historian General.

7th. The Chapter shall have the power to adopt rules and By-Laws for its government, provided the same do not conflict with the constitution of this state and the constitution of the United States.

8th. This corporation shall incur no indebtedness and there shall therefore be no liability on the part of the incorporators for any corporate debt.

In Testimony Whereof, we have hereunto affixed names this 30th day of October, Nineteen Hundered and One.

Basil W. Duke, Thomas D. Osborne, T. L. Burnett and H. W. Bruce.

All of those whose names appear in this document are dead except Mrs. Thos. A. Barker and myself.

E. M. Bruce for whom the corporation was named represented Nicholas county, Ky., in the Confederate Congresses. T. L. Burnett represented Shelby County, Ky. and W. H. Bruce represented Jefferson County, Ky. Basil W. Duke was a Brigadier General, and Thos. D. Osborne a member of

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Forty-first Annual Convention

New York City, November 20th-24th

THE first Convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy to be held in a northern state was ushered in with colorful ceremonies in the ball room of the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, New York, when Mrs. William E. Massey, President-General of Hot Springs, Ark. standing against a brilliant background of massed flags and surrounded by flowers, struck the gavel and announced that the 41st Annual Convention was open for business. Occupying with Mrs. Massey places of honor on the rostrum were the General Officers of the U. D. C. Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker, Columbus, Ohio, First Vice-President-General Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Mackall, Baltimore, Md. Second Vice President-General; Mrs. Frank Dennis, Eatonton, Ga., Third Vice-President-General; Mrs. Glenn Long Newton, N. C. Recording Secretary General; Miss Anne V. Mann, Petersburg. Virginia, Corresponding Secretary General; Mrs. John W. Goodwin, Allendale, N. J. Treasurer-General; Mrs. John Huske Anderson, Raleigh, N. C. Historian General; Mrs. Davenport, Norfolk, Virginia. Registrar General; Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, Charleston, S. C. Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service. Mrs. E. L. Lewis of New York Division, Mrs. George Dismukes, Chickasha, Okla. Chairman of Pages; Mrs. C. S. Lowthrop, Hope, Ark. Vice-Chairman of Pages; Mrs. J. T. Burney, Waynesboro, Miss. Vice-Chairman of Pages; Mrs. T. Darrington. Semple. N. Y. Local Chairman of Pages. The Aids. Miss Jessica Smith, Washington D. C. and Mrs. L. B. Newell. Charlotte, N. C. the special Pages, Mrs. W. D. Adkins of St Louis Mo. and Miss Mary Jane Massey, Hot Springs, Ark a grand-daughter of the President General.

Prior to the formal opening of the Convention on the morning of November 21st. the program of events started Sunday at 4 o'clock in afternoon with services at Cathedral of St. John the Divine attended by officials, aides with colors, pages in uniform. On Monday evening at six o'clock, Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, President-General, entertained the visiting Ex-President-Generals in honor of the President-General, Mrs. William E. Messey, at her home with a beautifully appointed dinner at one o'clock in the Roosevelt Hotel, which was headquarters for the Convention. At four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, a charming courtesy was extended all officers and delegates by the hostesses of Convention, the New York Division, the New England and New Jersey Chapters. This was a Tea at the George Washington Hotel on 23rd. and Lexington, held in the Palm Room where the colors of the Daughters, red and white, were carried out in the profusion of roses used in decoration. The Division President's Dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel was a delightful occasion and each guest was presented with numerous favors sent from various sections of the United States.

The Welcome Evening Exercises began with a Processional of Officers, Aides, Pages, guests of honor to the ballroom of the Roosevelt Hotel where the delegates numbering nearly 400 and representing 38 states were formally greeted by their officers and officials of state and city. The Invocation was pronounced by Rt. Rev. Arthur Selden Lloyd, Bishop Suffragan of the P. E. Diocese of New York. The welcome was given from the Robert E. Lee Chapter Children of Confederacy by a grand-son of General Robert Edward Lee, Robert E. Lee IV. President. Mrs. Elsie Lathrop Lewis of the New York Division, presiding, introduced a representative sent by his Excellency, Herbert H. Lehman, Governor, who brought greetings to the Assembly as did also a representative of the Mayor, Hon. Fiorello LeGuardia both of whom were unable to be present. Garland Powell Peed, Secretary and Treasure of the Southern Society, brought greetings from the organization. A response by Mrs. W. W. Turner, past president of the Texas Division elicited much admiration from the audience. General Rice A. Price, Commander in-chief of the Confederate Veterans brought greetings from his organization as did Hon. Walter Hopkins of Richmond, Commander-in-chief of Sons of Veterans. In behalf of this organization, Mr. Hopkins conferred two gold medals for distinguished service on two daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. William E. Massey and Mrs. John Huske Anderson for extraordinary service in the perpetuation of southern history. A third medal was presented Hon. Garland Powell Peed. Mr. Hopkins stated that since the founding of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in 1896 only nine of these medals had been awarded. The Ex-Presidents-Generals were presented by Mrs. Severn Nottingham of Orange, Va. President of the Division. Mrs. Alexander B. White of Tennessee and Flor-

ida gave the response. Mrs. Walter D. Lamar of Georgia, presented the Honorary Presidents-General. The music was unusually enjoyable as many of the lovely poems of Sidney Lanier which have been produced were presented by Miss Mary Craig of Georgia, Soloist, accompanied by Miss Edith Henry.

An informal reception and Pages ball followed the close of the exercises.

Wednesday morning a Sidney Lanier breakfast was held at Roosevelt Hotel with Mrs. Walter Lamar of Georgia, Chairman, presiding. This breakfast was well attended and an interesting program given.

The outstanding features of the Wednesday Business Session was the Roll Call of States at which time the Flags were presented and accepted and the Birthday offering from Divisions received. The sum total exceeded $3,000. Virginia contributed $500 and Tenn. $400 The money will be used to wipe out several deficits in Departmental work. The Report of the President-General was delightfully presented and enjoyed by those who were privileged to listen to the review of the years work which surpassed many previous years in scope and completion of the U. D. C. endeavors. Among the special achievements, Mrs. Massey mentioned the Business Office and the Southern Magazine as being outstanding. Mrs. J. P. Higgins as Chairman of Business Office and Miss Claudia Hagy as Editor of the Southern Magazine, were highly commended for their personal efforts. Other outstanding features being the Historical work under Mrs. John Huske Anderson and the Children's Work under Mrs. Frank A. Dennis.

Following the reports from the Vice Presidents General prizes were awarded by Mrs Dennis:

The Fannie Ransom Williams medal to the division sending in the largest list of correct papers was given to the Virginia division of which Mrs. A. S. Williams is registrar.

Taylor cup to the C. of C. chapter with the largest number of new members—won by the Rockbridge Greys of Lexington, Va.

Harvey cup to the division director with the most new members—awarded to Bessie Hester. Clarksville. Va., Virginia division chairman.

Greer prize to the division director who sent in the largest relief memorial contribution from her chapters Bessie Hester, Clarksville, Va.

Daffan cup to C. of C. member for unselfish individual service to a Confederate veteran or a veteran's widow—Helen Yancy, Clarksville, Va.

An Historical Luncheon in the Roosevelt Hotel was the occasion of celebrating the first birthday of The Southern Magazine. Evergreens from Southwestern Virginia, cotton from North Carolina and red carnations from hostess chapters furnished the decorations which were completed with red candles in tall silver candlesticks. Mrs. John Huske Anderson, Historian General presided. Miss Claudia Hagy, Editor of the Southern Magazine was honor guest. Following talk by Miss Hagy, Mrs. Kate Speake Penny, noted writer from Birmingham, Ala. Mrs. Walter D. Lamar of Macon, Georgia and Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter of Cleveland, Ohio each gave a short talk on the subject of the Magazine. Mrs. Railings of New York well known writer and Broadcaster under the name of "Mammy Lou", entered wearing a big apron and red bandanna around her head, carried a huge white birthday cake with one red candle which was presented to Mrs. Anderson. Mrs.

MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, MACON, GA.
HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

Railings made a delightful talk in humorous vein concerning the baby magazine and how it should be cared for in the future if it grew and developed into a fine upstanding magazine. The luncheon was attended by 110 women from over the United States. Mrs. Bessie Ferguson praised the work of the Historian General and Miss Jessica Smith of Washington D. C. in the name of the President

General presented Mrs. Anderson with an armful of red roses.

Impressive Memorial Services held Wednesday afternoon were presided over by Mrs. C. M. Roberts of Whiteville, Tenn. when the Daughters gathered in reverence to pay tribute to those departed from their midst since the meeting in Baltimore Md. in 1933. Special Memorials were rendered for Mrs. Peter Youree, Mrs. L. U. Babin, Mrs. John Perdue, Mrs. C. W. Vereen, Mrs. Marion Lee Holmes, Mrs. J. A. Fulmer, Mrs. Miriam R. Green, Mrs. T. W. Reed, Mrs. Charles T. Tillman, Mrs. N. E. Ayers, Miss Grace F. Eddins and General Robert E. Lee Butterworth.

One of the features of the Convention was the Jefferson Davis Highway dinner presided over by Mrs. John L. Woodbury of Louisville, Ky. who has served for several years at Chairman of the Highway honoring Jefferson Davis. In her report, she presented the developments of the roadway during the past year. "The last marker was set in San Diego, Cal. and north and south spurs will link the towns of Fairview, Ky. Jefferson Davis' birth place and Bilioxi, Miss. his last home." Marking of historic spots along the 3,427 mile highway and placing of stone markers through-out the southern states is progressing rapidly, stated Mrs. Woodbury. The speaker of honor upon this occasion was George Gordon Battle of New York, one of the formost attorneys of this country. Mrs. Alexander White of Paris, Tenn. former President-General under whose administration the Highway was proposed in 1913 was also a speaker of the occasion.

President's Evening when reports were heard from the various Divisions was presided over by Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker of Columbus, Ohio, First Vice President-General.

Thursday morning the hearing of reports was resumed. Election of officers was held and the selection of 1935 Convention City was Hot Springs Ark. An invitation from Dallas Texas for 1936 Convention was presented and filed.

Mrs. Charles L. Reed of Huntington, W. Va., reported on the efforts of her committee to have the rebel yell perpetuated for the U. D. C., and Mrs. George T. Clipstein, of Alexandria, presented the record of the organization.

Officers Installed

At the installation ceremonies, retiring officers pinned their red and white ribbon badges on the successors. The new officers are Mrs. Walter D. Lamar of Macon, Ga. historian general; Mrs. John C. Abernathy, of Chicago, Ill., second vice-president general, and Mrs. Norris Harris, of Baltimore registrar general. Other officers hold over until next year.

An expression of gratitude to the New York chapter was voiced by the courtesy committee of which Mrs. R. R. Wolf, Charleston, W. Va. was chairman. She was assisted by Mrs. George E. Mann, Detroit, Mich; Mrs. J. L. Heiss, Bloxi, Miss. Mrs. W. S. Bernard, Raleigh, N. C., and Mrs. J. J. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky.

U. D. C. History Prepared

An executive session to consider the publication of a history of the U. D. C. voted to refer the question back to the committee.

The action was taken after Mrs. W. C. Merchant, Chatham, said the history was completed, and recommended that funds be appropriated for publication.

The convention pledged approximately $4,500 to the Randolph relief fund for needy Confederate women.

Pledges of $510 came from North Carolina, $360 from South Carolina and Florida, and $300 from Virginia.

Georgia, Maryland and Massachusetts pledged $200. or more each. One contribution was labeled "from a G. A. R. veteran in memory of a Confederate woman."

Alabama delegates joined in the afternoon ceremonies honoring Mrs. James Henry Parker, president of the New York chapter, "for keeping alive southern traditions and culture."

Talullah Bankhead Presents Painting

Talulla Bankhead actress and daughter of the Alabama representative in Congress presented Mrs. Parker with a landscape painting by James Sanford Hulme, of Oklahoma.

The convention had as its guest Henry Brand 97, a Confederate veteran who fought in the Florida division, now of Beechhurst, N. Y.

A memorial stamp for Robert E. Lee was proposed by the committee of which Mrs. Cabell Smith, of Hopewell, is chairman. The convention voted to ask the cooperation of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation in efforts to have the stamp issued in October, 1935.

The date will coincide with the dedication of Stratford Hall, in Westmoreland county, the Lee birthplace which is being restored.

Mrs. C. E. Boiling, of Richmand, and Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, of Greenwich, Conn., reported that through gifts the kitchen, dining room and great hall of Stratford has been restored. Plans to complete the purchase of the homestead were described at a luncheon of delegates.

Historical Evening was a gay medley of days of 1860 and 1934. In the Processional of Pages, Flag Bearers, Officers and Historians led by Mrs. John Huske Anderson, Historian General, backless satin and velvet evening dresses were conspicious among those of long ago whose hoop skirts trunneled up the line of march. Mrs. William Massey and Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame presented World War Crosses of Honor to Col. Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York, Lt. Com. D. A. J. Sullivan, U. S. N. R. Capt. Arthur Bee McDaniel. U. S. A. Asst. Chief of Air Service. Dr. H. King Wade, 1st. Lt. Medical Corp. The address by Mrs. Anderson was a review of 40 years of U. D. C. Service. Dr. Douglas Freeman of Richmond, Va. delivered the Address and his theme was General Robert E. Lee. A Song Picture of the Old South with a Parade of Costumes of the Sixties with Chorus of Auld Lang Syne led by Misses Britt was most enjoyable.

Friday reports were followed by singing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds" and Mrs. Massey struck the gavel which closed the brilliant and long to be remembered Convention of 1934 in the city of New York.

Historical Prize Lists

Historian General Mrs. John H. Anderson after her annual report on Thursday morning, November 22nd. announced the winners of the prizes (composed for throughout the country) as follows:

The Raines Banner for the best historical work in any state—won by The Virginia Division, Mrs. B. F. Cary, Historian.

The Jeanne Weinman Cup for historical work in schools of any state won by the North Carolina Division, Mrs. S. L. Smith, Historian.

The Perdue Cup for best Diary of Confederate soldier won by Miss Katherine Hillard, Oxford, N. C. Presented by Mrs. C. K. Proctor.

Osbornes Cup for Collection of incidents of heroism of the 60's won by Mrs. A. L. Ridings, Historian Texas Division.

Walker Cup for Books with Official U. D. C. Book plate, given libraries won by Arkansas, Mrs J. D. Clark, President.

Rutherford Cup for Best Review of a History of Biography of the 60's won by Mrs. David Sabine Yonkers, N. Y.

$10.00 for Best Publicity towards advancing Svdney Lanier to Hall of Fame won by Miss Margaret Rouquie, South Carolina.

$5.00 Best Historical Scrap Book exhibited at New York Convention won by Mrs. Robert Meade Petersburg. Va.

Cup to Division with most subscriptions to Southern Magazine by Feb. 15. 1934, won by Florida Div. Miss Rose Shepherd, Jacksonville.

Cup for Subscriptions orders 1934 Convention, won by Washington State—Dixie Chapter—43 per cent.

$25.00 to individual for subscriptions to Southern Magazine—won by Mrs. C. W. Daugett Hist. Ala. Div. and Mrs. Chas. Bolling Richmond Va. Tied.

(Prizes offered by the News Publishing Company, Wytheville Va.)

$5.00 to the Daughter for best name for new U. D. C. magazine won by Mrs. Kate C. Grinstead Lexington, Given by Va. Hist. Com.

ESSAY PRIZES

$25.00 for Essay on "The Necessity of Preserving Southern Historical Material, offered by the Southern Society of New York City—won by Mrs. Ruth Tucker, Newark, Ohio.

$25.00 on "The South's Rightful Place in History and Literature." won by Miss Louise Gills, Appomattox, Va.

$10.00 for "Forty Years of Historical and Memorial Work in the U. D. C." won by Mrs. A. N. Hall, Lexington, Ky.

$25.00 for best play on Southern History won by Miss Katherine Smith, Ashland Va.

$15.00 for Best Pagent of Southern History won by Mrs. W. D. Pemberton, Concord, N. C.

$20.00 (College students only) on "The Enduring Spirit of Robert E. Lee" won by Miss Rachael Borden Smith, Senior at Randolph-Macon College.

$32.00 on "Mosby's Rangers" won by Mrs. J. R. Vandiver of N. Y. City.

$10.00 on the Military Census of Stonewall Jackson won by Charles Sidney Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.

$10.00 on "The Enduring Spirit of Robert E. Lee" won by Miss Anna Belle Fogg Frankfort, Ky.

$10.00 Showing Descent of Gen. Lee from the Barons of Runnemede" won by Mrs. Frank Boggs, Stockton, Cal.

$10.00 on "Confederate Newspaper" won by Mrs. Cable Flournoy, Lexington, Va.

$10.00 "Best printed account of the 1933 U. D. C. Convention won by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky.

Essay on the Private Soldier of the Confederacy won by Mrs. J. A. Yarboro, Charlotte, N. C.

$25.00 on "Confederate Leaders After the War" won by Miss Edith Pope, Nashville, Tenn.

$10.00 "Leadership of Southern Women Before and During the War" won by Miss Cora Henderson, Graham N. C.

$10.00 on "Early Education in the South" won by Miss Anna Belle Fogg, Frankfort, Ky.

$10.00 for Best Poem on Stonewell Jackson won by Mrs. William Younge, New Orleans, La.

MEDALS OFFER FOR

Essay on "Women writers of the South During and Following the War," won by Mrs. Bleckley Anderson S. C.

Questionaire on "History and accomplishments of U. D. C. in 40 Years" won by Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Lexington, Ky.

Second best Essay in contest by member of U. D. C. won by Mrs. John F. Monroe, Athens Ga.

Cup for Essay on "John C. Calhoun," won by Miss Elizabeth Momineck, Newberry S. C.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF GIFT SCHOLARSHIPS

The Committee on Education , United Daughters of the Confederacy, announces the following gift awards for 1934 and 1935.

Mary B. Poppenhiem Scholarship, Vassar College, value $1200.00 Re-awarded to Miss Louise N. Brenizer, Charlotte, N. C.

Washington and Lee Memorial Scholarship Washington and Lee University, value $500.00 Re-awarded to Mr. Dan Penick Gholson, Holly Springs, Miss.

Matthew Fountaine Maury Scholarship, St. John's College, value $750.00, Re-awarded to Mr. William B. McDonald, Jr., Wilson N. C.

Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship, School of Law, University of Virginia, value $420.00, Re-awarded to Mr. Miles Pointexter II, Lynchburg Va.

S. A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship, George Peabody College for Teachers, value $200.00 Awarded to Miss Mary Dixie Brown, Franklin, Tenn.

Hector W. Church Memorial Scholarship, value $135 00 Re-awarded to Miss Lois Gault, Greenwood, S. C. attending Lander College.

Jefferson Davis Memorial Scholarship, value $75 00. Awarded to Miss Mary Joyner Cox, Smithfield, Va. to attend Farmville State Teachers College.

John B. Gordon Memorial Scholarship, value $75.00 Re-awarded to Miss Charlotte Jean Smith, Fayette, Mo. attending Central College.

Jubal A. Early Memorial Scholarship, value $75.00 re-awarded to Mr. James H. Perry, Fayetteville., attending Georgia School of Technology.

Robert E. Lee Memorial Scholarship, value $75.00 re-awarded to Mr. Horace E. Harmon, Lexington, S. C. attending University of South Carolina.

Cornelia Branch Stone Fellowship, value $175.00 awarded to Miss Edith Redwood Christian, Mobile Ala., attending Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Tiution Scholarships

Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., Waltos T. Reeves, LaGrange, Ga.

Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., Dave Phelps, Bluefield, W. Va.

Brenau College, Gainsville, Ga., Mildred Beard, Buford, Ga.

Centre College, Danville, Ky., Judith Lawson, Frankfort, Ky.

Centre College, Danville, Ky., Vermelle Wise, Danville, Ky.

College of Charleston, S. C. Magdaline P. Ball Charleston, S. C.

Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C. Margaret Mansfield, Spartanburg S. C.

Erskine College, Due West, S. C. Fleda Halliday, Benlton, S. C.

H. Sophie Newcomb Mem. College, New Orleans, La., Marjorie J. Wiegand, New Orleans, La.

Lander College, Greenwood, S. C. Lois Gault Fountain, Inn S. C.

Louisiana College, Pikeville, La. H. J. Duncan, Jr. Alexandra, La.

Marion Military Institute, Marion, Ala., Mack Moore, Jr., Trenton, Tenn.

Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn., Mary Ruth Shirley, Knoxville, Tenn.

Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., Thomas S. Camden, Lynchburg, Va.

Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg Va. Hallie Hulsey, Atlanta Ga.

Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette, La. Lucille deBlane, New Iberia, La.

Louisiana State University Baton Rouge, La., Joe Heard, Itta Bena, Miss.

Transylania College, Lexington, Ky., Reymond H. Wright, Clinchco, Va.

Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky., John C. Chenault, Jr., West Point, Miss.

University of Ala., University, Ala., Mary Randolph Phelps, Bluefield, W. Va.

University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., Rose Walker Mayne, Athens, Ga.

University of Kentucky, Lexington Ky., Mary King Koger, Paducah, Ky.

University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., Hugh T. Shelton, Jr. Columbia, Tenn.

University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., Margaret Siceloff, Austinville, N. C.

University of Virginia, University, Va., Rufus Cosby, Montgomery, Ala. John S. Paterson, Bluefield, W. Va. Samuel H. Garvin, Louisville, Ky.

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Mixed Packages

Continued from page 19.

houses for fuel. Frequently even tear up their own steps and porches.

Fat black babies roll around in the dirt and fat black men and women sun themselves on porches or streets. They eat and sleep their lives away lazily content. Sometimes the water company turns off the water then they buzz around until some charity pays the bill. It is the property owners who need sympathy. The negro shacks have not even paid taxes since the depression".

"It is almost impossible to get a negro wash woman now", added Claire, "they have been told the Charities will not feed them if they work. So each woman wraps her hand in a dirty rag when they see a welfare worker or a possible employer.

"They have a variety of ailments, one woman has a bone felon, another has cut her finger, a third has burned her hand".

"I have often wondered Mother how you have managed to curb your gift giving spirit since the depression' questioned Francesca.

"I have not curbed it. I still give in a way which brings happiness to me and I hope to others. I plan for Christmas and work for it all year. In the Fall I divide my bulbs and plant my rose slips. In the Spring I pot cuttings of geraniums, begonias, and poinsettias. I water them and love them all summer, and each plant has in my mind the name of a friend.

Then I fix up little packages of my choicest seeds. Thankful, grateful, generous annuals, zinuias, marigolds, nasturtiums, etc. Naturally I get tanned freckled but I love the work because, we are nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth".

"And we still have hopes",, said Mr. Ellett, 'a new day, a new deal and a New Year 1934".

Book Reviews

Continued from page 28.

much as he was in his last days. suffering and oppressed at times by the memories of the great struggle in which he played so dominating a part. But the young Lee, whom Doctor Freeman charmingly protrays, was a very different being. He was a human and sociable man, delighting in the company of his friends, especially in the society of women. Lee was always a ladies' man, never happier than when surrounded by a bevy of girls or engaged in a chat with one of his fair neighbors.

Doctor Freeman brings out these characteristics of Lee fully for the first time. For the first time we have a detailed account of Lee's life from childhood, through his cadetship at West Point, his early army experience, his Mexican War career his subsequent life up to the time of his resignation from the United States army in April, 1861 It is a facinating story as told by the author, who has supported his statements by the most elaborate documentation.

The period of the War between the States covered in these volumes ends with the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863. The death of Jackson was the logical place for the break, since the loss of his great lieutenant forced Lee to revise his methods and brought vital changes in the conduct of the war. The last two volumes, to be issued early in 1935, will complete the war story to Appomattox and will give the account of Lee's last years and death in 1870.

It is a thrilling story that Doctor Freeman tells, and his hero has grown in stature rather than lessened through what is by far the most thorough and comprehensive study of Lee ever made. The recital of Lee's great decision in 1861 takes on new pathos in this telling. Lee, after thirty years of service in the United States army, in which he won a fame second to none, was at last rewarded early in 1861 by being promoted to the rank of colonel. At last, after so many weary and toilsome years, the future streached out fair before him And the cup was dashed from his lips! Virginia, following the other Southern states, withdrew from the Union in April, 1861, and Lee was forced to decide between the army to which he had devoted his life and his beloved state. But no matter how severe the conflict may have been, duty won. Lee resigned his commission and his livelihood for unknown future. He did not know—could not have known—what immortal fame awaited him.

Freeman's "Lee" is unquestionably one of the most important biographies of recent years. It is a model in the science of historical research. And it is even more than that; it is a work of literary art as well. The author has such a complete mastery of his subject and so beautiful and engaging a style that it might be said of his books, as it has been said of a few other serious works, that "it is as interesting as a novel" but for the fact that it is much more interesting than most novels It is a wonderful picture of one of the purest and noblest characters in all history and an inspiration to us all to higher living. Every one should read it, certainly every one interested in American history and the development of American life.

Baron Von Steuben

Continued from page 7.

a road was laid out to run over his grave, and his remaining friends had his body re-intered at a short distance and a mounment erected over it. He sleeps today in the land he helped to free and although the nation has never recognized his worth as they have many, the heritage of love he left to us is ours to hold as a precious legacy until the end.

Story of My Boyhood Days

Continued from page 21.

Everybody who was anybody belonged to that company or had belonged to it when a young man. It had its own property—a half square with high thick battlemented walls and a big heavy gate under a massive archway and inside heavy brick buildings, shelter for cannon, armory for guns (for they also drilled as infantry,) shot house, powder house etc., a great hall where balls and other entertainments were given. The uniform of the company was something gorgeous and in the light of the utilitarian service uniforms of today, something to make men laugh, angels weep and the service officers of today go into several kinds of fits—but it was very imposing and tho' "not war, it was magnificent." The music by which they marched was composed of two fifes, two kettle drums and one big bass drum. I doubt if I shall forget the thrills and cold chills that chased up and down my backbone when I saw this company marching and heard the fifes and drums. The company had very frequent drills and were really well drilled all the time both as an infantry and as an artillery company and when they drilled with cannon and fired blank cartridges by piece, by section and lastly by battery. I thought earth had no grander sight or sound. This was the company that I joined in 1863 and continued on to the end at Greensboro, N. C. I understand that the organization is still maintained.

And so the years pased on 'till the Ordinance of Secession was passed, the war began and Porter made his descent with his powerful fleet and wiped out our little batteries; one on Bay Point, and the other on Hilton Head, and scattered our mosquito fleet.

But then a new epoch began—and that is another story.

THE END

The Main Street of the South

Continued from page 32.

A document was on exihibition at this meeting which was held in the Poe House in Philadelphia and was quite interesting and of much value as it was signed by Mrs. Maria Clemm eight days after Poe's death in which she authorized Dr. Rufus Griswold to publish Poe's work.

Among the officers of the International Society are M'lle Jackowska; Dr. Douglas S. Freeman head of the Poe society in Richmond; Kenneth Rede head of the Poe Society in Baltimore; Miss Agnes Repplier, of Philadelphia; Robert B. Nelson, Jr. of Virginia, vice-presidents. Antony Wayne curator of the Poe House, secretary; and Franklin C. Walkins of Philadelphia treasure. Richard Gimbel, of Philadelphia is president of the newly formed society.

WILL ERECT CONFEDERATE MARKER IN SOUTH AMERICA

Some time ago "Main Street" carried an account of a Confederate flag which had been sent to South America at the request of Hon. Alexander Weddell, Ambassador of the United States to that country. Now comes something quite as interesting for another Confederate flag was sent by request also to Mr. Waddell by Lee Chater U. D. C. of Richmond Virginia. Mrs. Calvin Jones resident of this chapter has been in correspondence with the eminent gentleman on the subject. The letter says in part that "Lee Chapter sends you many thanks and a heartfull of appreciation for doing something for us which we were unable to do ourselves." It further states that "We are very much interested in the grave and would like to know if it is unmarked; and cites the fact that the U. S. Government will furnish through a U. D. C. chapter a stone marker without any cost and gives other details concerning its erection. Mr. Weddell made a most courteous reply thanking Mrs. Jones and Lee chapter for the information about the marker and then makes the request for a Confederate Flag for "family use" and another "which I might use next year for the grave of the veteran.

Mr. Weddell's request has been granted for Lee chapter has already sent Ambassador Weddell a large Confederate battle flag. It has a two piece polished ash pole with a brass name plate engraved with an inscription. Several smalled flags were also sent at the some time.

The request for the grave marker will be attended to when Ambassador Weddell makes the necessary arrangements.

A Christmas Story

Continued from page 9.

with their nurses, but the boys and Sally stayed around to run errands. Never were there such helpful, polite, agreeable children! Uncle Louis passed by, and his eyes twinkled, but he said gravely to Aunt Julia:

"Why didn't you bring John Jr. and Henry? And I declare where is Sally? She ought to be here to see these strange children," which made them giggle, of course.

"Isn't this the most fun you ever had in your life?" whispered Sally to Richard as she went flying past, and he nodded, "Yes".

After a gay picnic supper, Thomas lighted the Christmas candles. Then in the flickering light. all the Lyles sang the loved old songs, Aunty's beautiful voice floating high above all others, Sally's sweet treble close beside Uncle Louis' deep rumble.

Presently the children called:

"Let Sally tell a story. Come on Sally!" as they crowded down in front of the fire.

She had just finished, "Twas the night before Christmas," when Jerry and Alex appeared with their fiddles. A general scramble to the hall for the Virginia Reel, and, to her great delight, Cousin John Louis swung Sally to the head of the line.

The servants crowded in the doors and clapped for their white folks, who danced till they could dance no longer, then dropped breathless and laughing to rest. But Uncle Louis would hardly give them a minute before he ordered.

"Get your stocking, every man Jack of you and every lady too."

"I want my stocking right on the mantel so Santa can see it the minute he gets down the chimney." said Van decidedly.

"So do I" said little Julia.

"Me too, me too!" shouted Rob and the other little children.

Thomas knew just what to do, and soon a piece of rope swung above the wide firplace, laden with gay stockings fastened on with clothes pins.

"It looks like a one-legged family's wash," said Cousin John Louis. And the others shouted at the funny sight as they hung their own stockings on chair posts and sofas and even the swinging lamp.

When all this all important ceremony was over Uncle Louis said:

"Bedtime for everybody who is under twelve years old! and if there's any carrying on I'll sure see to it that Santa Claus leaves switches and ashes instead of presents."

"Oh, no, we will be good!" the children chorused, and scooted off to bed with many last threats of, "I'm going to catch you Christmas gif'," which died away in subdued giggles and whispers.

Now the grown-ups went to work with a will, for Santa Claus surely needed help with so many stockings to fill!

By and by Thomas came in with a big bowel of eggnog, then "good-nights and happy dreams" were said. The old house was quiet at last, waiting for Santa Claus's sleigh bells and the tap of his reindeer on the roof.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

* * * *

A request has been received from the Charleston Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy No. 4 as follows:

Stolen—some time in May, from the Hall of the Charleston Chaptter No. 4, U. D. C. several valuable records, papers and stamps. Any dealers or others being offered these papers for sale are requested to communicate immediately with Mrs. Isaac G. Ball, 42 Church St., Charleston, S. C. Chapter President, as they can be identified. Daily papers please notice.

Following is a list of articles which were stolen from the Chapter Room of the Charleston Chaptter U. D. C.

Order of morning and evening prayer Confederate States of America.

The Charleston Mercury-Extra announcing the Ordinance of Secession.

Pass to Fort Sumpter good for one day signed by Governor Pickens.

Water lined Confederate paper.

Prison Times from Fort Deleware with names and rank of 58 men in the barracks.

Ring made by a Confederate Soldier in a Northern Prison.

Collection of portraits, 14 Masters and Captains of Blockade Runners.

Photographs of General Beaureguard formed by pieces of the flag-staff shot from Ft. Sumter, April 13, 1861.

Photograph of Cabin John Bridge—Restored—Washington, D. C.

Photograph of Confederate Ram at Atlantic Whrf.

Photograph of Yankee Iron Clad Fleet off Charleston.

Books of Songs and Duets by Little Queen Sisters, given at a popular concert Aug 1, 1861.

Valuable collection of Confederate stamps.

* All articles can be identified.

A Short Sketch of New York Div.

Continued from page 31.

Two thousand five hundred dollars was speedily acquired by Mrs. L. R. Schuyler in a request campaign and forwarded by the Mary Mildred Chapter for the Arlington Monument.

These brilliant records brought forth in a report to the General Convention an expression of appreciation for the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter; in fact nearly all of the Divisions in point of outstanding accomplishments.

Children of the Confederacy, New York Division. U. D. C.

The flaming torch of truth, of patriotic rervor, of service is quenched and becomes the greying ash of saddened memory, unless fresh life and vigor constantly kindle it anew. Therefore, it is necessary that youth's sympathies and interests be enlisted to bear it ever aloft, thus to illumine and radiate that path paved with deeds of valor, sacrifice unswerving allegiance and honor.

To this end, in June 1932, on assuming the duties of the Third Vice Presidency of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, Miss Desiree L. Franklin discovering that as there is no Children of the Confederacy Chartered Chapter in New York State determined tc correct this condition, and immediately began the organization of the Robert E. Lee Chapter No. 1 New York Division, C. of C.

Mrs. Frank W. Smith is the present leader. Robert E. Lee IV and Mary Walker Lee great-grand children of the beloved and illustrious General are the President and Vice-President respectively.

The first organization was speedily followed by the Jefferson Davis Chapter, C. of C. organized by Mrs. Frank E. Dunnaway, and the Joseph Wheeler Chapter, with Mrs. Alexander J. Field as its leader.

May the advent of the years, in line with the onward march of civilization and the calm of an unbiased judgment, witness the recognition of the verities of a cause, which stirred the souls of a Robert E. Lee and a Stonewall Jackson, and which the descendants of the old Southland will ever cherish as holy, courageous and noble.

Present Officer of the New York Division

Mrs. Elise Lathrop Lewis—President.
Mrs. Lorin L. Homer—First Vice-President.
Mrs. Franklyn Colcord—Second Vice-President.
Mrs. David B. Sabine—Third Vice-President.
Mrs. James Polk Martin—Recording Secretary.
Mrs. Charles B. Boldsborough, Sr. Cor. Sec'y.
Mrs. Alexander J. Field—Treasurer.
Mrs. J. R. Vandiver—Historian.
Mrs. Charles Henry Topping—Registrar.
Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran—Recorder of Crosses.

* * * *

Chapter Presidents, New York Division U. D. C.

Mrs. James Henry Parker—President, New York Chapter.

Mrs. A. H. Dettmer—President, Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter.

Mrs. Henry W. Rayner—President, James Henry Parker Chapter.

Mrs. Charles Kupfer—President, Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler Chapter.

Mrs. William Field Hackett—President, Raphael Semmes Chapter.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Ex-President General. U. D. C.

Mrs James Henry Parker, Honory President, U. D. C.

"War Between the States"

Continued from page 30.

"We have shown that a war such as is now being waged between Northern and Southern States is properly conducted". It goes on to state that "several of these states have combined to form a new Confederacy". So here the highest tribunal of the United States refers (during the war itself) to it as "a war between the States". The very term which should be continued in use, as historically correct. In England's declaration of neutrality she recognized that this war was being fought between two governments, not between two parties of the some State.

Every loyal member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy should be on the alert to tactfully and courteously endeavor to have the "War between the States" used instead of "Civil War". for its history. Many writers and historians of note are now recognizing the truth of this term and adopting it. If the thinking public is brought face to face with the facts, the correct name would be more generally used.

Radio announcers of our national systems. have expressed their willingness to co-operate with the U. D. C. in this effort to 'keep history straight".

In the words of Miss Rutherford, a Past Historian U. D. C.: "Our friends from the North do not object to the truth of history, provided we are fair and just. Whatever is done let it be done in the spirit of truth and peace and love and good will. Today we stand and desire to stand, a reunited people, all sections at peace and united." This sentiment finds an echo in the heart of every true Daughter of the Confederacy.

Squire D--- and the "M" Box

Continued from page 14.

a quiet chuckle and with immense satisfaction as to the way in which his scheme had worked.

But Providence sometimes takes part in the affairs of men. One day Rev. Johnson did not come to the postoffice, and word was sent that he had gone to bed a very ill man. Typhoid fever has fastened upon him and for seven weeks battled against the dread disease.

Down at the postoffice the table again groaned under the weight of the accumulating newspapers, and the "M" box resumed its former plethoric condition. And then the people of Watkinsville rose up in arms. They just wouldn't stand it any longer. If necessary, they were ready to march on Wash ington and voice their protests in person. They met and passed resolutions, they wrote letters, the good women were very active the mails were kept hot.

One day in the midst of a cabinet meeting, while some important matter of state was being discussed, President Buchanan suddenly brought the conversation to an abrupt close.

"We will stop a little while, gentlemen, and take up a much more important matter. It is this Watkinsville postoffice affair. For my peace of mind, it must be settled now and for all time. Mr. Cobb, I am getting more mail from that little town of yours than I get from New York. Even the good women are writing dozens of letters and all kinds of organizations are forwarding resolutions. They insist that this Squire D—is an illiterate and that they are vexed aand humiliated by his lack of efficiency. They fill their letters with statements about an "M" box and say that the old fellow refuses to put letters in any other box. They say that one has to plow through all the letters in this "M" box to find one addressed to him. This situation is intolerable and must be remedied."

Secretary Cobb laughed and laughed when the president had concluded his remarks

"Why, Mr. President, I told you long ago what caused all this disturbance in Watkinsville. You ought not lose your political judgment now. I assure you that it is nothing but Whig prejudice. But in order to satisfy your mind on this subject, just let the Postmaster General send over to his department and have sent to you at once the reports of Postmaster D—, and you will find them written in the most beautiful handwriting you ever saw and will also find them to be absolutely accurate."

The documents were sent for and presently were placed on the table before the President and the Cabinet officers. The Postmaster-General glanced at them with an amazed look and handed them to the President.

President Buchanan's eyes opened wide in utter astonishment. Then a frown appeared on his forehead. Brushing the papers aside, he brought his fist down heavily upon the table.

"Well, it is simply astounding to what extent these miserable Whigs will carry their political prejudices."

Postmaster D—was not removed. Rev. Johnson recovered and went back and straightened things out at the postoffice. Peace reigned again in Watkinsville.

One day Rev. John Calvin Johnson met Secretary Cobb on the streets of Athens, the home town of the Secretary. They had always been close friends, though differing politically.

"Howell Cobb", said Mr. Johnson, "I am a Methodist preacher, averse to the use of harsh language and also opposed to fighting, but I feel like giving you a good tongue lashing and a sound beating for using my reports to keep Squire D— in office."

"Calm down, my dear John Calvin, calm down. You know I told you Whigs years ago that I would pay you back in good and proper style, and good Democrats always keep their words.

A Great Personality

Continued from page 27.

in conference with her son in planning the numerous benefactions that have been established for the benefit of humanity. The clearness of her memory, the keeness of her insight, the balance of her judgement were equal to a catalogue of data prepared through the years of research. There was no important topic of the day upon which she was not well informed; with the aid of a hand glass she was an inveterate reader: the radio brought her amusement and information, and especially the services of her church each Sunday morning.

Early in the month of June 1933 the rarely beautiful soul of Mary Mildred Sullivan was freed from the shackles of material being and she entered into the domain of Eternity. Her life had closed, but her good deeds live on. Her character was builded upon the example of the Master, and her influence will live for ever. "No work begun shall ever pause for death."

* * * *

Ed. Note: The writer is indebted to Mr. George Hammond Sullivan for helpful information found in "Mary Mildred Sullivan, A Biography." by Anne Middleton Holmes, and "In Memoriam" prepared and privately printed after the passing of Mrs. Sullivan in 1933.

Confederate Scrap-Book

Continued from page 33.

the Orphan Brigade of Ky., and at that time, 1901 secretary of the Confederate Association of Kentucky. He was the father of Mrs. Woodburry and Mrs. Wishart. H. W. Bruce was the father of Mrs. Thos. Floyd Smith who is the Kentucky member of the Stratford work, Robert E. Lee Foundation.

One of the charter members of the Louisville C. of C. was Mrs. A. T. Wishart now president of the U. D. C. Chapter at High Point N. C. Mrs. Lau who is spoken of as forming chapters in New York and Brooklyn was Miss Helen Adams of Louisville, and upon her marriage to Mr. Lau and removal to New York, she obtained charters, application blanks, etc. from the E. M. Bruce corporation under which she formed these chapters.

These articles are signed by Notary public and county clerk and were recorded in Corporation Book No. 11, Page 571.

41st Annual Convention U. D. C.

Continued from page 38.

Louis D. Jones, New Canton, Va. Thomas H. B. Buchard, Baltimore, Md.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Barclay Dillon, Birmingham, Ala. Henry Pohlzon, Chicago, Ill. Hervey P. Garland, Cooper, Texas, Thomas L. Kibler, Jr. Columbus, Ohio.

William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va. Mary A. Whitley, Windsor, Va.

Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., Albert L. Lancaster, Union, S. C.

When New York Was Young

Continued from page 12.

congress. Where the toasts to kings and queens had been drank in the past, now new toasts were proposed to Congress, to the American Navy, the American Army, to Independance and to Washington. In the long room in Francis Tavern, now Fraunces Tavern, Governor Clinton was entertained at dinner and here Washington bad farewell to his troops. The room exists today and is on the Broadway side of the building. Here the British passed on their way back home after defeat to embark for England, and in this room have stood such men as General Nathaniel Green, Baron Von Steuben, Stark, Putman. Knox, Wayane, Carroll, Gates, Lee, Moultrie and others. It was here that Washington uttered his famous farewell speech to his men. The Tavern has known the opening and closing scenes of America's tragedies, its growth and rise to power, the drama of a great nation.

In 1790, Frauncis Tavern was the scene of an elegant entertainment for the judges of the Supreme Court with John Jay, John Blair, John Rutledge Edmund Randolph James Wilson, Robert Harrison William Cushing present. During the first decade of the ninteenth century Fraunces Tavern continued one of the prominent places in New York. The Society of Cincinnati met here for 4th. of July celebration in 1804. Later it was known as Washington Hotel and today is a cherished landmark of New York of Colonial Days.

The Breckenridge Ghost

Continued from page 24.

You want to go to Forest Tavern? That is a fine place and pretty, but don't let them put you in the room where ole Thomas Jefferson slept cause they say over at Charlottesville as how he prowls around all night over there and that folks see him just most any time, and he sure to be knockin' around here too.

An extra dollar for the story! Well, I thank you, suh, thank you, I'll just run over to Lynchburg from here and get somethin' that will keep me warm on the way home and maybe, I might meet the Colonel again' and if I do I'll let you hear from me.

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Another real story in which young readers may joyously share just such an active outdoor childhood as Rose Knox herself enjoys on a Southern plantation—the only girl of her age among a great crowd of boy cousins.

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Mail Orders to SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, Wytheville, Va.

WASHINGTON'S *Mother*

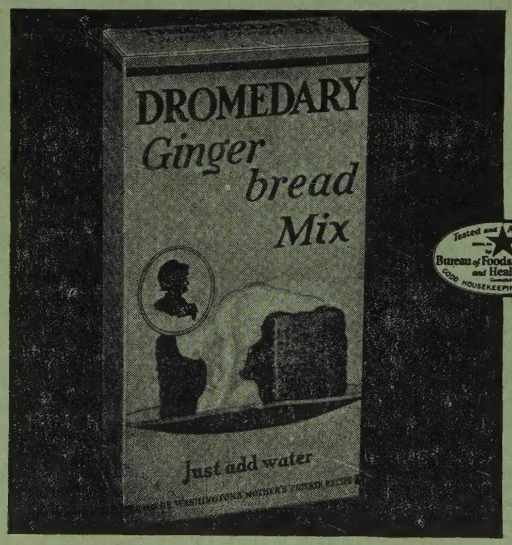
gave Lafayette Ginger Cookies made from this Recipe

When Lafayette called on Washington's mother after the Peace Ball in 1781, she delighted him with a mint julep and ginger cookies made from her own private recipe.

By special permission of the copyright owners, the Washington-Lewis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Fredericksburg, Virginia, the new Dromedary Gingerbread Mix is based on this 200-year-old private recipe of Mary Ball Washington.

Dromedary Gingerbread Mix brings you, all measured and mixed, every ingredient for making both Mary Washington's ginger cookies and gingerbread. All you do is add water and bake. Baking time for both is printed on package. You cannot go wrong. We guarantee Dromedary Gingerbread Mix sure to come out right or your money back. So, tomorrow, give your family this treat they will long remember.

The Hills Brothers Company, *packers of the world-famous Dromedary Dates*, 110 Washington Street, New York, U. S. A.



Try this 2 minute Fruit Cake, too . . .

Anybody can make Dixie Mix Fruit Cake. You just empty a package of Dixie Mix in a bowl, stir in an egg, and add ½ cup of fruit juice (or brandy). 2 minutes from package to oven. And, remember, Dixie Mix comes in the tin you bake it in—and store it in. Try a package. Your money back *doubled* if not delighted.